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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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A Hero of Farce

ALEXANDER THE CORRECTOR. THE ECCENTRIC LIFE OF ALEXANDER CRUDEN. By Edith Olivier. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

MEN have won fame in a variety of surprising ways. The eighteenth century possessed no monopoly of queer methods, yet its notabilities have a way of being unduly eccentric. One man invented a nearly credible Formosa, wrote an exceedingly good book on it, and later augmented his celebrity by elaborately confessing to his imposture. Another became almost regal as *arbiter elegantiarum* at Bath, and was further distinguished by Goldsmith in some of his brightest pages. Others still, the Dillingers of the period, were immortalized in chapbooks and ballads, and have become the Jack Sheppards and Jonathan Wilds of fiction and legend. But of all the oddities that the period produced, none was more genuinely eccentric and none achieved fame more quaintly than Alexander Cruden, proofreader and compiler of a biblical concordance, whom Miss Olivier, hitherto a novelist of exceptional delicacy and charm, has elected to use as the subject of her first biography.

Cruden was neither a fool nor a genius, but he came fearfully near being both. An Aberdonian by birth, sprung from a solid and serious family, he grew up in the midst of, and quietly assimilated, all the austerity of a dour Scotch Calvinism, without ever for a moment losing any of the rather sweet innocence and extreme gentleness of his nature. Throughout his life he was an astonishing combination of the warlike and indefatigable reformer and the mild gentleman of quiet tastes who was entirely wrapped up in himself and never rightly understood the world he lived in. His fame, which was very great in his own day, though it is now confined to strictly liturgical circles, came from no great creative gift, nor from any capacity for sudden and spirited action, but from a persistence which enabled him to produce, alone and unaided, a concordance to the Bible, so complete and so accurate, that it has remained the most useful work of its sort in existence, and has never needed serious revision. The same persistence made him the soundest proof-reader of his age; without him, many a work of Georgian erudition would have been far less exact than we know it. It is this persistence, carried over into his social life, that gives to Cruden something of the character of a hero in farce, and makes the reader, who would have fled miles to avoid him in the flesh, follow his adventures almost lovingly so long as they are narrated in Miss Olivier's calm but refreshingly witty manner.

Poor Cruden, his life was a series of misapprehensions, made more than usually comic by the perseverance with which he always continued to misapprehend. Knowing no French, save as a meticulous proofreader, he accepted a post as French Reader to the Earl of Derby. His employer was surprised and annoyed to discover that what French he heard would have to be delivered letter by letter, but to Cruden it never occurred that this might be at all unpleasant, and he was amazed at his dismissal. For months he pursued the unfortunate nobleman with letters and visits of a most unconventional na-

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TUNBRIDGE WELLS IN 1748

The figures sketched include Dr. Johnson, Cibber, Garrick, and Richardson. An eighteenth century engraving, from "Alexander the Corrector."

Literature in the Planned State

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE question of freedom in literature and the arts has been extensively debated and if there is still anyone who does not know where he stands on the general principle it is because he is either ill-informed as to the issues, or indifferent. The challenge is definite and clear, whether it be the Russianism of Stalin's first phase, now happily liberalizing, which would make literature a vehicle for communistic ideas; or the dictum from Mussolini, carried on the staff of an Italian literary journal, which states that criticism is admirable so long as it furthers the Fascist theory of government; or Herr Goebbels's recent mandate that literature, religion, and science all must be narrowed to the service of the totalitarian state. The watchword is, "under which king, Bezonian? speak or die."

The question of individualism in literature is by no means so easy to disentangle from its qualifications. Individualism is clearly limited by the demands of the autocratic state; certainly all individualism and every expression of the personality not in accord with the central will would seem to be negatived. Yet pure literature is so much and so essentially the endeavor to give the individual a sense of personal reality in his relations to his environment that it is questionable whether loss of freedom of expression (which has often been lost before) is as serious for a writer as loss of his sense of importance as an individual.

This sense is, of course, directly threatened by such desperate endeavors to save capitalism by limiting self-expression to the needs of the capitalist state as one sees in Germany. But it is equally threatened by the growing tendency toward collectivism all over the world—in the democracies as in the autocracies. In a planned state or in a controlled society, self-expression in literature must expect to feel the curb. Those things which concern Caesar it must expect to render unto Caesar or feel Caesar's hand. And if in a collectivized state on a socialistic model Caesar is represented by an ideal of service and utility, that in itself will make an atmosphere in which the value of individual self-expression will be tested by an ideology which necessarily thinks in terms of the collective unit, instead of the rebellious, prophetic, or merely self-expressive soul.

I believe myself that belles lettres in the next age will be radically altered, but I do not believe that it will be depersonalized, even if a world rage to act and live by communities like ants sweeps us from our laissez-faire traditions. I believe that the role of personality in all literature not mere pamphleteering will increase not decrease, and assume an importance it has not had since the Renaissance and before the rise of industrialism. My reasons for so thinking are not prophetic, but based upon the nature of literature and the now well defined character of the revolution through which, in differing tempos and with very different emphases, all civilized societies are passing.

The world today exhibits one of those obsessions which have been so frequent in recorded history, and which, like powerful magnets, reorganize everything within their field of influence. Theology, biology, democracy, for brief or longer moments, have obsessed the leaders of the human race. Today it is economics, and for obvious reasons, since the crash of economic internationalism on a laissez-faire basis, with the war as an accompaniment, has brought such economic dislocation with resulting miseries as by necessity fixes the hope of mankind upon economic cures. And wherever in the Western world the necessity or the desire of change has been strong enough, one sees nation after nation experimenting with vast readjustments of power, in the hope of creating economic security. In this great endeavor, changes in political structure are merely shifts in tools and formulas, the end is economic. Italian Fascism, German Hitlerism, Russian Communism, and the New Deal in the United States, seem, and are, widely different in their philosophical implications. Yet it is probable that another generation will see in them a resemblance more significant than their violent oppositions. In all of of them the effort, whatever may be the

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Mr. Herbert's Satire on British Divorce

HOLY DEADLOCK. By A. P. Herbert. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

MR. A. P. HERBERT is a versatile man. As an accomplished novelist, humorist, and writer of light verse, he is appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic. America is, however, not yet familiar with one aspect—and by no means the least consequential—of his reputation in England: that of a self-appointed thorn in the side of British legislation and jurisprudence. Mr. Herbert studied law at Oxford, and is equipped for the part. Stories have drifted across the water concerning his activities in reducing certain statutes to absurdity: there was a local regulation about swearing on a golf links which he is said to have put to a ludicrous test; another story has it that he reduced the income tax bureau to abject jittering over an incomprehensible tax form. There are other legends, but his best effort was a much publicized attack on the practice of allowing liquor to be served in the Halls of Parliament after licensing hours: he objected that the members were not entitled to a privilege which they themselves had deprived others of enjoying. Members of Parliament would no doubt deny that the question of suppressing "Holy Deadlock," raised (and lowered, fortunately) in the House of Commons, was prompted by a spirit of retaliation.

"Holy Deadlock" brings together all Mr. Herbert's talents, except that of light versifier; it shows him at his best as a novelist, a humorist, and a gadfly. (Perhaps, considering his conviction that the law is an ass, horsefly would be a more appropriate term.) The author tells the story of a very attractive and decent English couple in their efforts to get a quiet divorce. Those who are familiar with Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married" are aware that English law recognizes only adultery as grounds for divorce; they are also acquainted with a few of the degrading subterfuges to which the victims of

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Literature in the Planned State

(*Continued from first page*)

motives, or whoever may be those to profit, is toward a planned and controlled economy, directed either by a central and all-powerful government, or (as apparently in Germany) by a group of super-capitalists, with some variant of collectivism as a goal. Whether the Russian ideal of economic well-being for all, or the Hitler purpose of a dominant class supported by a mass of labor on sustenance wages and under strict control, is the end in view, the means are necessarily the subordination of the individual to the machinery of the state. The desire of Hitler to destroy socialism so as to restore profits, the attempt of the Soviets to determine the distribution of wealth, and the wish of the present administration in the United States to preserve capitalism while controlling profits, all are manifestations of a new will to power, proceeding from the theory that if we are to be saved economically the state must organize its members into a unity where each shall serve in a plan made for all, though by no means necessarily for their equal benefit.

To suppose that a revolution of this kind, dependent upon mass psychology, involving the mores in general, and particularly the loyalties and the prejudices by which men live, will pass by literature or, for that matter, religion, would be absurd, even if we had not already potent instances to the contrary both here and abroad. The involvements will be very different in different systems, yet everywhere in the civilized world it seems probable that the question will soon be asked, Where does literature enter into the program of state planning?

Does this mean that as the state becomes more autarchic, and as collectivism overcomes laissez-faire, that literature will become a public utility conditioned

improbable. On the contrary, I believe that far from stifling individualism in literature, the new collectivism is more than likely to vitalize it, to give it a new voice and a personality which (by comparison, say, with the early 1700s or 1800s) just how it lacks.

There is a curious antinomy between pure literature and journalism as they have been written in the last half century. Journalism has been steadily gaining in intensely personal expression—or rather, as some may say, disintegrating into personalism and expressing an essentially trivial and scurrilous individualism. American journalism especially needs a dose of social discipline which will sweat out the vicious individualism which makes it so often irresponsible. But literature, belles lettres, has been losing personality. This is, of course, a sweeping generalization; nevertheless, I venture to assert that in the important, and especially in the new, modes of literary expression, the individuality of the writer has been more and more controlled and often suppressed in order to satisfy what he (and not the state) regards as a social need. Consider the fiction and drama, for example, which has by common consent been regarded as the most "significant" and usually as the "best"—from Shaw on through Galsworthy, Thomas Mann, dos Passos, O'Neill, H. G. Wells, Sinclair Lewis, Ernst Toller, down to the current books of Malraux, Bunin, and the proletarian novelists and Marxian playwrights. There, in varying degrees, the books written belong to social science or psychology as much as to literature, and the personality of the writer has been far more subjected to his need for expressing social ideas than was Milton's to his Puritan theology. Or more potent still, regard the so-called "naturalism" of this period, which is only realism made utilitarian. Novelists particularly (such as Dreiser) have given us pictures of society so painfully objective, so minute and unsparing in detail, that all personal aim seems lost beyond the desire of the writer to sink himself in his subject until all design, all "argument" in the old literary sense of that word is withdrawn, and we are given nothing but evidence. It is significant that the wish-psychology of the individual, which always strains toward success, if not toward heroism and romance, has had no outlet in this period except in markedly inferior and usually in sentimental work. In its courageous breach of this self-denying ordinance lies the secret perhaps of the triumph of the long-winded "Anthony Adverse."

Nor do the intensely introspective works of James Joyce and Marcel Proust invalidate my argument. Almost as much as the "Forsyte Saga" they exhibit the creative intellect taking responsibility for society, and making its contribution to a better understanding of the social complex in whose growing complexity we have to live. Nothing could be more different from the intensely individualistic exuberance of Rabelais (who also had social purposes), or the brooding sense of personality in the social satires of Swift. These men, perhaps the outstanding individualists in literature of our period, have become, the one sometimes almost unintelligible, the other fine spun to the breaking point, in the attempt to make their books diagnoses of the ills of society. There is a strain toward synthesis and away from the personality of the creator (more, to be sure, in Joyce than in Proust) that one does not feel even in the pure drama of Shakespeare and Racine.

But if we return from these heights to the less extraordinary, and hence more typical, efforts of the realistic novelists, who are the accepted spokesmen of our day, what has happened is obvious. Authors withdraw themselves as far as they are able into the impartiality of observers, who endeavor to let the facts of a changing society speak for themselves. A Dreiser tries to be as impersonal as he supposes God to be.

Nor can one fail to see a retreat of individualism in the intellectualized poetry of the last ten years, a poetry which in

poem shall be an abstraction where design carries at least as much meaning as the statement. Individualism, and especially personality, is as much limited in such work as in the writing of history. The parallel with modernist abstract art is obvious. Indeed it will be found that in all so-called modernism, personality, as we knew it in the nineteenth century, has been subdued by a fierce desire to make art do more than unburden the heart, whether this more is the message of form in design, or of social ideas in the content.

Note, for example, the prevalence of verbal experiment in recent books. Whole books depend for their impact upon a fresh, often upon a perverse, use of words, as in Gertrude Stein. But the object is not to say what oft was thought but ne'er so well express'd; it is not to unpack new emotions of an intensely individualistic author. On the contrary, this play with words more often resembles the expert though speculative labor of an inventor of new tools. By millimetric changes he devises instruments which when put into production may alter and improve the mediums of life. He is an experimenter with his eye on social uses, and so are they. Their inspiration is social not individual, and when pressed into analysis their work usually shows no new inspiration (sometimes it reveals nothing whatsoever) but only new adaptations of language to the supposed needs of society.

A proof, if proof is needed, of this contention, is the comparative unimportance of style as a factor in modern literature. We no longer speak of the great stylists of our day—who are they?—although there may be many with style. The most influential writer in English of the last decade, James Joyce, devoted a section of his "Ulysses" to parodying style, while his new work shows style in its decadence, since its qualities of allusiveness, connotation, rhythm, and a controlled choice of words are removed from communication (since only the initiate can understand him) and hence from any effective transfer of personality. As for our younger American authors, such as Hemingway and Faulkner, they have manners, but no true style at all, since the instrument they use quite clearly fails to attain a harmonious unity representing a homogeneous imagination. And a sentence taken out of Sinclair Lewis is usually indistinguishable from a sentence by any good journalist. The reason, of course, is that style, being neither rhetoric, nor beauty, nor accuracy, nor rhythm alone, but the perfect result of the transfusion of personality through expression, is naturally unemphasized in a period when the ambition of writers is constantly drawn to reaction against, or analysis of, or comment upon, a changing social environment, and when their objectives are attained if they have described something rigorously kept outside of themselves and usually repugnant to their personality. Style used to be the man; now it is an attempt to make a language adequate to the description of society.

All this was once called the result of a social conscience—much too simple a term for a complex phenomenon. Nevertheless a preoccupation with society and

general concern. Economics, from a science or a private practice, has become a social obsession; morals, religion, the psychology which underlies conduct, all are now areas in which political action is conscious and expected; those very social maladjustments and failures in understanding from which the socially conscious writer took his themes are passing into the hands of brain trusts, directors of propaganda, parties with social programs, dictators with a philosophy of government. The socially conscious government will not experiment with words or take on style as a function, but as increasingly it plans and controls, it will take into its province what has been so much the business of modern literature—a sense of society, precisely as literature took into its hands in the last century so much that had belonged to theology before.

As this happens, and it is obviously happening now, as witness the sharper and sharper distinctions between literature taken over for propaganda and literature that remains creative for its own ends, the results of a shifted load will show themselves. The emphasis in creative literature will begin to shift from the social to the personal, as it is already beginning to do in Russia. There the attempt to make the novel and the drama trip hand in hand with economics, sociology, and politics to found a new Utopia, has clearly failed. And the attempted disciplining of the arts for the strengthening of the government of the Third Reich will fail also to the extent that while Hitlerism or its equivalent lasts we are likely to see the best German literature written outside of Germany, No,—despite an inevitable and legitimate tendency, which will extend to the English-speaking countries, to make the typewriter an instrument of collectivization, it is probable that we shall soon have a violent resurgence of the personal and hence the individual in literature. Relieved of its responsibility for reforming the growing ills of laissez-faire society, our novel and drama especially, but also poetry, are going to return to their age-long privilege of giving to the individual an intenser sense of his own reality in a society which is always trying to make him a number and a type.

The importance of such a service in communities like ours cannot be exaggerated. For our modern societies require social control, they can subsist only by mass production, can be educated only by mass methods, can become civilized only by a beneficent standardization of the instruments of culture. Literature and religion, the first for the many, the second for the few who can take their religion that way, will thus become the safeguards of such individualism as is essential if we are to socialize without depersonalizing the world. For it is the tiny flame of self-realization, self-respect, and self-expression kept alight by religion and literature, which makes the individual worth collectivizing.

An American Cardinal

RECOLLECTIONS OF SEVENTY YEARS. By William Cardinal O'Connell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

cess story" presented against a colorful and animated background. When, a few days after graduating from Boston College, the youthful O'Connell asked Archbishop Williams to accept him as a candidate for the priesthood, the Archbishop thrilled him with the reply, "Your record in college gives you the right to the best clerical education I can offer you. Would you like to go to Rome?" So began a career which included five years as Rector of the American College in Rome, a special mission to Japan as Papal envoy, service as Bishop of Portland and Archbishop of Boston, and elevation to the Cardinalate.

O'Connell's acquaintances and friends have included every American President since McKinley and each of the last four Popes, besides a multitude of other interesting persons. All these impart vividness to his pages. He writes frankly of the difficulties, amounting to persecution, which Catholics in New England encountered in his boyhood. Nor does his frankness stop there. He treats with candor certain internal troubles in the Catholic Church, both here and abroad, and tells of drastic measures which he was compelled to adopt in order to put the charities of his Archdiocese upon a sound basis. Of many entertaining anecdotes the most amazing one has to do with the anti-clerical movement in France and the resulting bitterness. At a funeral ceremony in Rome after the assassination of President Carnot, a ceremony at which the entire diplomatic corps, comprising both those accredited to the Quirinal and those accredited to the Vatican, was present, Cardinal Rampolla was giving the absolution. In the course of this duty he drew near the anti-clerical Ambassador to the Quirinal, who "hissed a grossly insulting word as the Cardinal passed by him." American "shirt-sleeves diplomacy" can never hope to match that.

Grief and Laughter

By CLARENCE DAY

AS Grief went stricken through the grove,
Sobbing dully for her love,
The cynic Gods, who saw and smiled,
Sent her Laughter as her child.

"Oh not for me!" her choking word
Arose at first to Those on High.
But Laughter cackled in her ears,
He shrunk her heart, he stole her tears.
Her memories dimmed. She sang . . . and heard
Titters in the sky.

A fifteenth century manuscript version of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" has been discovered in the library of Winchester College.

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The Dual Souls of André Gide

ANDRÉ GIDE. By Léon Pierre-Quint. Translated by Dorothy M. Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE sub-title of this book on Gide is in English, as in French, that commonplace tag of the biographer: "His Life and His Work." It might better be, I think, "His Mind and His Ideas." For M. Pierre-Quint deals briefly with the external events of Gide's life, being really interested in them only when they subserve an understanding of Gide's philosophy or personality; and of the author's many books this biographer speaks only allusively, assuming a knowledge of their contents on the reader's part, and quoting occasional texts merely by way of proof and illustration in the course of an interpretative argument. What we have here, then, is less a conventional "Life" than a critical study of a psyche as it has manifested itself in the spheres of religion, ethics, and esthetics. And this study resolves itself into the analysis of a personality in which a singularly prominent and intensified dualism is always and everywhere active. This study resolves itself into a simple yet multiple problem that is fascinating in itself, and important because of the importance of the man who embodies it:—the problem of the contradictory forces that compose and animate the nature of André Gide.

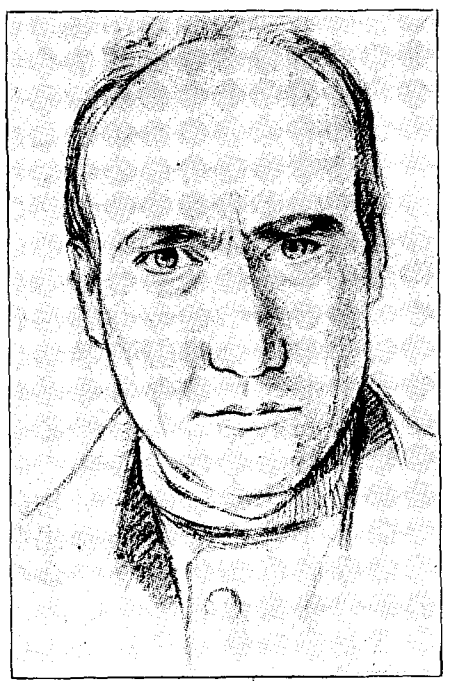
Every one of us who is not blessedly or benightedly unconscious of himself is conscious of the dualism or dichotomy of his being. He is conscious of twin natures that are antithetical and actively hostile, of contradictory desires that are mutually destructive and irreconcilable, of aspirations towards goals that are antipodal. We long at once for freedom and security, for adventure and contentment, for the satisfactions of altruism and the enjoyments of pure selfishness, for gross pleasures and sublimated joys. From the depths of our nature rise impulsions that our surface self views with horror; we impose upon ourselves a discipline that is often a denial of our profoundest needs. And most of us, because of our training and the pressure of example, divide these contradictory forces into the forces of light and the forces of darkness; good versus evil;—Ahura Mazdas confronting Ahriman Minos. But in few of us is the conflict so all-pervasive and so intense as it is in Gide; in few of us is so desperate a battle waged on every front of personality. Or shall we say, merely, that Gide's rare faculties of self-consciousness and self-expression permit us to view his individual struggle with remarkable clarity? That his struggle is no greater than ours? That we only lack his acute perception of the inner life? My answer to these questions would be negative: there is such a thing as genius; there is such a thing as the extraordinary intensification of common elements and forces in an exceptional individual. But, argument apart, of one thing we may be sure: few men have ever made as heroic and unremitting an effort as André Gide has made to reconcile and integrate the dual factors of his being; and few have ever sought, as he has sought, to resolve the apparent antithesis of good and evil into a fruitful, beneficial unity.

This effort is the real story of Gide's life as it emerges from M. Pierre-Quint's perspicacious, soundly reasoned pages. We see the battle fought on all fronts. We see the individualist, who has done everything in his power to achieve freedom from conventional morality, yearning for an ethical sanction, longing for roots and responsibilities; we see the hedonist tempted by the sweets of the ethic of sacrifice. We see the man who has painfully put off the fetters of traditional religion finding satisfaction in a religion that does not look above the clouds. We see the classic artist, who declares, "Art requires a certain temperance, and repudiates enormity," fascinated by the dark mysteries of the unconscious, exploring a realm where enormity often seems the norm and temperance an undiscoverable virtue.

And, always, we watch Gide seeking to reconcile seeming irreconcilables. It is the first duty of man to be himself, to be wholly sincere, to express not merely a part but the entirety of his personality. "Individualist morality," writes M. Pierre-Quint, speaking for Gide,

> demands that one shall contend with nature, with environment, shall try to divest oneself of everything that does not properly belong to one. It is an enterprise in which one must be ceaselessly prepared for all risks. It matters little whether society calls desires good or evil, so long as they are the expression of the depths of a personality. It may happen that the instincts which are the most severely condemned will be the most fruitful.

But man is, by his nature, a social being; even the most primitive men merge instinctively into a society. How can one be at once the exponent of individualism and the servant of socialism? Here is Gide's answer to this difficult problem:



ANDRÉ GIDE
Drawn by William Rothenstein

> *"It is being the most particular that we best serve the most general interest."* But this truth, he adds, should be strengthened by the following: *"It is in renouncing oneself that one finds oneself."*

M. Pierre-Quint goes on to state that, "True specialization is the pathway to generalization," and elaborates the theme: "In developing whatever is most 'particular' to himself, in *specializing*, the individual will play, in the social group, the irreplaceable part assigned to him by nature." But perhaps I shall be forgiven if I see in this reconciliatory formula of Gide's (as in his other similar formulæ which find a place in this study) merely an example of sophistical rationalization, perhaps even a tendency to auto-hypnotic mysticism. Once we admit that a genuine anti-social or individualistic instinct exists in us side by side with a social instinct, we cannot insist that the "whole" self finds true expression in a renunciation of self which involves a renunciation of individualism. We cannot say, with Gide and his biographer, that "if altruist tendencies are really a part of personality, then *the ethic of sacrifice, in its entirety, is nothing* less than an individualist ethic"; for this formula requires the sacrifice of another "part of personality." Or, if we do say such things, we are sucking our terms dry of precise and useable meanings.

Those of us who believe that the dual nature of man must remain dual (disregarding such labels as "good" and "evil"); those of us who believe that it is no more possible to reconcile the conflicts within us than it is to reconcile the ideas of free will and an omniscient God, will find nothing in Gide's subtle reasoning to shake our unhappy faith. We will find the outcome of his valiant effort no more successful, finally, than his attempted defense of sexual inversion. But we may respect the effort and enjoy its literary by-products, and we may admire an account of it that is as psychologically interesting and as lucidly presented as M. Léon Pierre-Quint's.

Miss Richardson's translation reads well, and the volume is fortified by a useful bibliography which lists translations.

Pioneer Wife—1916 Model

DESERT WIFE. By Hilda Faunce. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THE frontier may have disappeared and the pioneer wife passed with it, but the qualities which she displayed apparently persist ready to come to flower under the touch of uncouth circumstance. Mrs. Faunce's record of four years spent at a trading post in the heart of the Navajo country is a chronicle of just such pluck, such readiness in the face of danger, and such adaptability to unexpected emergency as would have done credit to the women of the covered wagon era. Indeed, she was not so far from them even in the mode of her travel, for when she and her husband, the undemonstrative, usually inarticulate, Ken of her narrative, determined to pull up stakes and leave an unsuccessful career in Oregon for a trading post in New Mexico it was in no such modern contraption as a motor car that they travelled, but in a wagon drawn by a team of skittish broncos.

With all their worldly goods piled up behind them, and a small bull pup for companion, they set off along the old Oregon trail, pitching camp at night at the water holes where the Forty-niners had halted before them, passing from the rains of the North to the sagebrush and shimmering heat of Utah, turning their horses out to rest in the alfalfa pastures of Colorado, and finally in late November making their way through slush and ice to Gallup, New Mexico, and eventually to the remote post known as Covered Water. Here in a bare, square adobe building which was home and store in one, with Indians living scattered about in the neighborhood and more Indians coming in daily to trade their cattle skins, hay, and handicraft work for groceries and clothing, Mrs. Faunce and her husband made their home for four years—years in which she came to know the natives and speak their language, to stand at their side in illness, and to become acquainted with customs and ceremonials rarely witnessed by white folk. More than once she looked into the bright face of danger, more than once death threatened, and at all times simplicity of living, hard work, and isolation from all society but that of the Indians were her portion.

There was the night, for instance, when, her husband away, she sat flanked by guns in the store, in which she had piled up groceries into a sort of barricade, with valuables and money hidden beneath the sheepskin on which the dog slept, awaiting the intrusion of the drunken Navajos who threatened to seize by force the beads and bracelets they had in pawn at the post. A serio-comic occasion, for before the night was over she fell asleep and woke to find that with all her precautions for safety she had left the front door of the store standing wide open. There was that other time when the usually friendly Indians became convinced that her husband had directed a prospector to their gold deposits, and came clamoring for his death, to be stood off by his coolness and presence of mind. There was the smallpox epidemic which ravaged the settlement and in which Mrs. Faunce went from sufferer to sufferer and made a wagon journey of 175 miles for vaccine, and the influenza epidemic which took even more terrible toll of the Indians. And there was, too, her own illness, which at its first appearance laid her low for weeks, and at its second sent her off to an operation and the only absence from Covered Water in the four years of her residence.

However, though danger occasionally confronted her, it is with the routine difficulties, the small incidents of daily living, the habits and personalities of the natives that Mrs. Faunce is mainly concerned. There is fascinating description of Navajo customs in her book, of the appearance and traits of the Indians, the childishness, shrewdness, and chicanery of some, the sturdiness and simple friendliness of most. Mrs. Faunce writes without pretentiousness and with vivacity and ease, and her chronicle, compounded though it is in the main of intensely personal detail often insignificant in itself, introduces incidentally so much that is distinctive in the Indian life which surrounded her that it never loses its hold. It is with a regretful sense of bidding farewell to interesting friends and acquaintances that one closes her book.

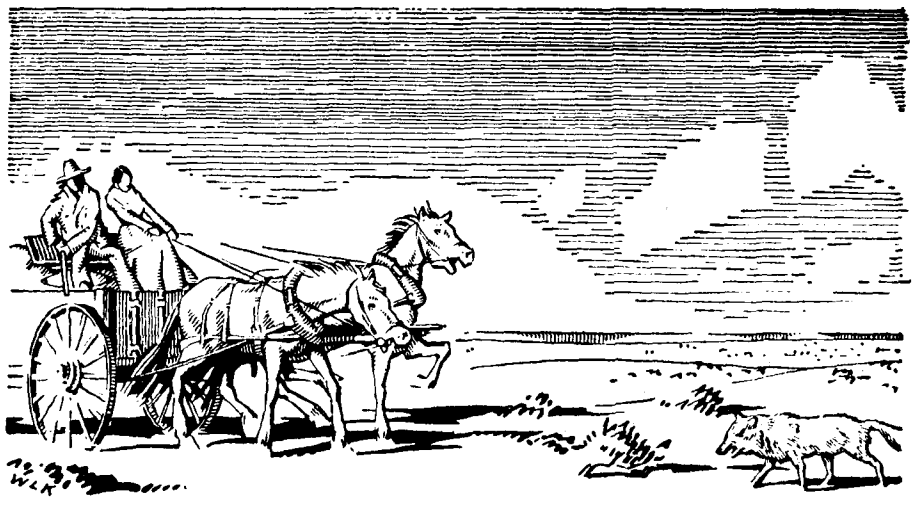
A Hero of Farce

(*Continued from first page*)

ture, vainly demanding his reinstatement. Finally, out of sheer good will, he forgave but never understood. This misadventure is as nothing when compared with his vagaries in love. One lady, the reputation of whose piety quite enthralled him, but whom he never knew, was driven almost frantic by the frequency of his messages and the fervor of his distant courtship. It is not surprising that he was three times confined in a madhouse: such painful persistence in an age medically inexact could hardly pass as anything but lunacy.

In his later life, when the concordance was well established and much admired, he rose to real heights of touching absurdity. His Scotch morali
tressed by the sins of the E
whom he had to live, d he
he had a mission, that it wa
eradicate the wickedness which he saw around him. He assumed in all seriousness the mantle of "Alexander the Corrector" and proceeded to advocate the abolition of profanity, card-playing, and, in particular, the hideous irregularity of walking for pleasure on the sabbath. On this mission he visited Oxford and Cambridge, where he was affectionately received and considerably honored, though the fellows were not above a kind of pleasant laughter at his expense. All his missions, however, were not absurd. His passionate desire to ameliorate the horror of prisons did some immediate good and established him as among the first of prison reformers.

This was the man about whom Miss Olivier has written this charming study. He has required the utmost skill on her part. It would have been easy to laugh excessively; it must have been tempting to exaggerate his importance; and to be sentimental regarding his weaknesses would have been fatal. But she has done nothing amiss. She has caught just the right tone of playful seriousness; she has laughed without malice, understood and interpreted without officious patronage, and produced, withal, one of the most pleasantly amiable and amusing of light biographies.



DRAWING BY W. LANGDON KIHN
From "Desert Wife"

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Collaboration of the Reader

No one would think of passing final judgment on a serious piece of music after hearing it for the first time. Even the professional music critic, who must make some comment, is conscious of certain large blunders in the history of his calling, and is usually careful to leave the door open behind him. The expectation is that repeated performances will reveal qualities undiscovered in the first hearing. The same is true to some degree in art criticism, where changing reputations so often undermine the value of first impressions. But not so in literature. It is seldom that a reviewer discusses a book with any expectation of rereading it at all.

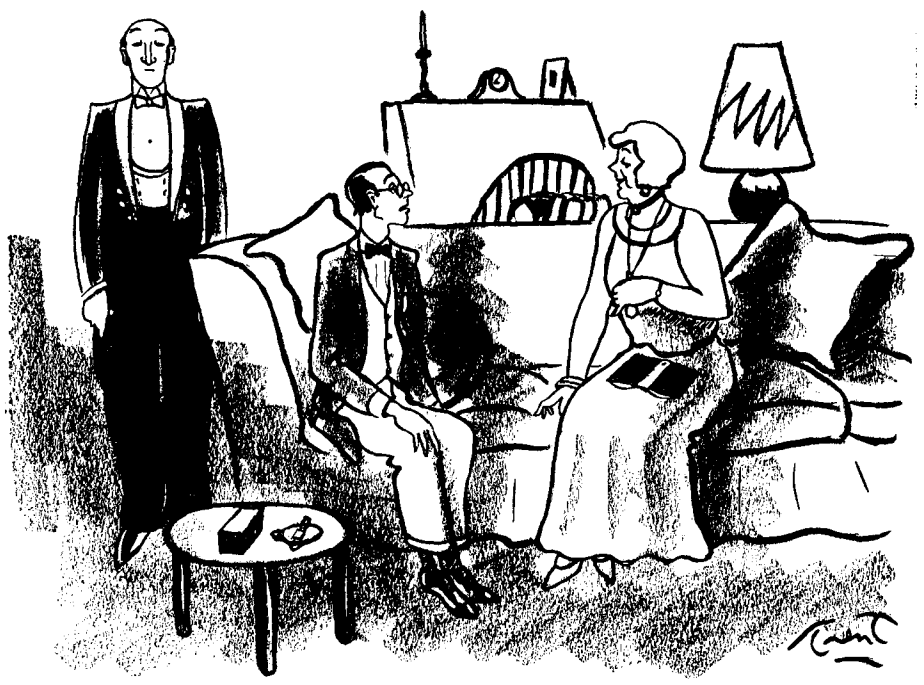
This is not the fault of book reviewing. Nor is it necessarily an adverse criticism of most current books of fiction and belles lettres to say that they themselves do not ask for more deliberate criticism than they get. The effort to make everything clear, to say it all the first time, is a general characteristic of contemporary writing, indeed one of its positive qualities. The writing of the nineteen-twenties hitched itself to the wagon of self expression, and had a good ride while it lasted; but there is much to be said for a return to writing which has communication as its cardinal purpose. Signs are not wanting that such a return is well under way. The center of interest is external, the view objective.

There are exceptions to this generalization as to any other, but the really significant exceptions are very few; and when they occur, they are likely to generate a sort of perpetual critical warfare. A writer whose work is either so subtle, so ambiguous, or so obscure as to demand active collaboration from the reader inevitably raises the question whether the result is worth the effort. The contemporary writers in English who have made the most conspicuous demands on their readers are James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, and Gertrude Stein. Critical opinion has more or less reached a consensus of agreement that of these writers, the first two have justified their methods; and even Miss Stein finally achieved temporary acclaim as a comic librettist. But it took a long time for this consensus of opinion to crystallize, and meanwhile an irrelevant public reputation, with some of the flavor of a sideshow, has grown around Mr. Joyce, Mr. Eliot, and Miss Stein. It is not unlike the public reputation which surrounds Einstein, except that the public is more readily willing to take on faith the obscurities of science than those of literature.

No doubt the three writers mentioned are extreme cases. But their works are thrown into relief against the background of contemporary writing in which all the meaning is immediately apparent. Even such a novel as Mrs. Woolf's "The Waves" suffered somewhat from the unreadiness of readers to collaborate, to make the effort, admittedly necessary, to find out what Mrs. Woolf was writing about. For the same reason, the general reader of today does not bother with Henry James, or indeed much of George Meredith.

It begins to look as if the general reader of today, with all the resources of cheap printing and universal communication, is getting a little spoiled. And it may be that this is one of the reasons for the high mortality among new books. The life of a book of fiction or belles lettres depends on many things, not the least of which is its capacity to stand up under rereading—indeed, to inspire readers with the desire to come back a second time. There are two reasons for rereading a book: one, to repeat a familiar pleasure; the other, to discover new meanings and new beauties which the first reading did not reveal. The writer who holds nothing back, whose aim is clarity and power without subtlety or design, robs his book of at least one, and probably both, inducements.

In other words, the effort to reach a large immediate audience may, for these reasons, result in having no audience at all after the first one is satisfied. The literary audience has been trained to a passive role. Perhaps it would be a good thing for current literature if there were more writers who were demanding more active collaboration from readers. It can't be done by spoon feeding.



"I BOUGHT YOUR LATEST BOOK AT A BARGAIN SALE!"

Letters to the Editor: *Sherlock Holmes and the Weather*

Sherlockian Tempest

SIR:—The magnetic pull of the Bowling Green's Sherlockian enthusiasm draws particles even from remote areas of its field. Mr. Morley's recent comments on Miss Dorothy Sayers's critical scholarship lead me to mention one of Doyle's "irregularities" which has not yet, I believe, been noticed in print.

It was upon this wise. In "The Surgeon of Gaster Fell," the narrator sat in his cabin awaiting the outcome of a sinister adventure. It was a night when "the most furious storm was raging which I can ever recollect in England." Such are the exigencies of tall stories, however, that even "amid the thunder and the rain and the wind," the solitary hero could hear "a dull, stealthy footfall now on the grass, now on the stones . . ." Presently he was aware of a "hard-breathing light-treading night walker" just outside his door. The latch twitched. Soon the door was opened cautiously,—so cautiously that "never a sound came from the rusty hinges." And this was odd, for the wind was just then "whistling through the slit." After a suitable encounter with two marauders, the narrator was able to resume his solitary existence, for the "two creatures were swallowed up in the tempest from which they had emerged as if they were the very genii of the beating wind and the howling rain."

When is a storm not a storm? To be sure, Doyle lets on that there were moments when the wind died down. But on a night when there was such delicate work afoot as catching the vibrations of a wet foot on wet grass, he didn't really need to have such a full-blown tempest. Did he?

ALEXANDER COWIE.

Wesleyan University,
Middletown, Conn.

Janeites

SIR:—Please count me among the Janeites. Like Elizabeth Frye, I rarely meet another in the flesh. The most congenial spirit I know has been trying vainly, at intervals, for the last fourteen years to "wade through" "Pride and Prejudice."

Asparagus and sweet-breads, by all means, on December 16, not omitting the minced chicken and scalloped oysters, and baked apples and custard and dried cherries and—so on. Perhaps it would be wiser to vary the menu from year to year, instead of having it all at once. Who wants to share the fate of Dr. Grant? And, by the way, what *is* white soup, and how does one make negus? At any rate, let Jane be toasted in Madeira, or the finest old Constantia wine in the world.

A long-cherished dream of mine is to explore some day to Box Hill—some cloudless day in June, disregarding George Meredith, and drink spruce beer.

Allow me to voice a protest against one J. C. Snaith, who, in "Cousin Beryl," appears to confuse the Austen humor with that of Rabelais. Even if it's meant for satire, which I doubt, we, for one, are not amused.

ANNE FOWLER.

Portland, Oregon.

Aleister Crowley

SIR:—I am preparing a bibliography of the works of Aleister Crowley and would be thankful for any information regarding the more obscure and pseudonymous work of this author.

HARRY W. SCHWARTZ.

2611 N. Downer Ave.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

After Thirty Years

SIR:—

Now that we have no more theologies
We bend the knee to Junior Colleges;
And though we have abandoned prayer,
We have, of course, the questionnaire—
O tempora, o mores!

And rural schools in quiet coppices
Even achieve personnel offices,
Where every student, Jew or Gentile,
Would walk a mile for his percentile—
O tempora, o mores!

Of course our cultural curriculas
Must seem at best a bit ridiculous
Where Education is the fad
That grasps the hand of Business Ad.—
O tempora, o mores!

We once believed a teacher ought
To know the subject that he taught,
But now we're told that this is blah—
"Nous avons changé tout cela"—
O tempora, o mores!

Why wonder at the growing pains
Of Seniors who blow out their brains,
When stones for bread and such-like fakes
Engender melancholy Jacques—
O tempora, o mores!

JOHN PIERREPONT RICE.

Henry VIII and Whiskey

SIR:—In your issue of July 7th P. E. G. Quereus refers to Henry VIII drinking WhiskEy according to Don Marquis's play and asks whether they had WhiskEy in those days. I doubt it. Henry died in 1547, and distilled products became well known in Europe only by the beginning of the seventeenth century.

In any event Henry probably never heard the word WhiskEy. He might have known and tasted Usequebaugh, however, from which the word WhiskEy is derived. But is this a Scotch or Irish word? If Scotch, one must write Whisky (Burns, 1759-96 "O Whisky! Soul o' plays an' pranks"—he knew it well enough, poor chap!), if Irish, WhiskEy.

PETER GREIG.

New York City.

Beaver

SIR:—On a recent trout fishing trip to the vast second growth Maine woods already well along in second childhood (meaning the timber) I was surprised to learn that the beaver, those aboriginal lumberJacks, are coming back strong. Indeed, in certain sections of that state, they are today so plentiful as to constitute a nuisance to the farmers by damming up their meadow brooks and damaging their trees with the result that during last winter the ban on trapping these animals was lifted for the first time in many years. Though a nonconservationist himself, the beaver, reduced in numbers almost to the vanishing point, has long enjoyed a timely protection under the game laws. On account of his highly prized fur he has been a victim ever since Indian days of a particularly ruthless game of hide and seek.

My guide supplied some alleged facts with regard to the beaver's habits and manner of life which were original if not entirely convincing. For instance, he claimed that the house was so placed that the occupants slept with their tails in the water, as a sort of gauge or alarm clock, in order that they might be sensible to any flaw in the dam sufficient to effect a recession of the water level. He also told me that, as is the case with a colony of bees, a drone was not tolerated but was speedily ejected by his higher minded associates, deprived of all his colonial possessions. Thus driven forth, the culprit was thrown upon his own resources and compelled to live the life of a recluse being henceforth known as a bank-beaver. Pondering upon these matters was responsible for the following flight of fancy:

The Beaver House is shower proof
Although it has no proper roof;
The water rises to the floor
But that is what the dam is for.
At home and comfy, when all set,
His coat is dry, his tail is wet;
Hence in my estimation mount
Cashiered Bank-Beavers (no account)
Who choose to roam the bank alone,
As pariah or outcast drone,
Esteeming it a deal too raw
To sleep tail wet by tribal law.

Falmouth, Mass. ARTHUR W. BELL

A Correction

Sir:—In your issue of July 14 appeared a review of "The Woman Who Had Imagination." May we call your attention to the fact that the book is not released till August 8?

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

HOLY DEADLOCK. By A. P. HERBERT. *Doubleday, Doran.* An entertaining satire on the divorce laws of England.

ALEXANDER THE CORRECTOR. By EDITH OLIVIER. *Viking.* The biography of an eccentric who produced the standard concordance to the Bible.

MODERN AMERICAN PROSE. Edited by CARL VAN DOREN. *Harcourt, Brace.* An anthology covering the years from 1915-1934.

This Less Recent Book:

THE GOOD COMPANIONS. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Harpers.* A picaresque tale of modern times.

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The Misadventures of Young Lovers

DEFY THE FOUL FIEND, Or the Misadventures of a Heart. By John Collier. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE are two books for which everyone should evermore praise John Collier. One is the novel, "His Monkey Wife," which appeared a few years ago, and the second his editing of what he has called "The Scandal and Credulties of John Aubrey." In their several ways I do not know which I like better; but I do know that I like both passing well.

Therefore when I opened a new novel by him with such a grand title as "Defy the Foul Fiend," and such an appealing introductory quotation from Shakespeare as "Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend," I thought that my soul must rejoice in the contents thereof. Well, my soul has not precisely rejoiced. A trivial circumstance that has nothing to do with the merit or demerit of Mr. Collier's writing first contributed to this feeling. I was compelled to skip from pages 13 to 41, with no knowledge of what had gone between, because by accident I was sent a defective copy of the book for review. Therefore I shall never know just what occurred to Willoughby during a certain brief period of his youth —for I do not think I shall reread the book. That is really the crux of my criticism. I *shall* reread "His Monkey Wife" and the "Credulities," I hope till I am evilly old and grey. But in "Defy the Foul Fiend" I had a deathly feeling at first that Mr. Collier had decided to go "smart young Englishman" on his devoted audience. True, this fear was soon dissipated, save that from a page or so a very occasional aroma would rise like a quick whiff of coal-gas; but when the author hit his stride, he was clean of wind and limb, and, moreover kept his story going at a brisk pace. The only trouble is that, from the days of H. G. Wells, there have been a large number of quite passable young-love stories written; and suave and intelligent as is Mr. Collier, and amusing as he can be, albeit upon too rare occasions in this book, all that does not seem enough.

Perhaps it lies with the jaded reviewer. I know that this novel is a more sapient and accomplished novel than a great many you will be reading, Dear Average Reader. Mr. Collier says certain things that delight me, such as:

> Revolt was in the air in those years. Customs to which no cultivated person had ever adhered, books none such had ever read, pictures never looked at except by short-lived duty, poor old men at whom even their contemporaries had laughed, even the wretched aspidistra, were dragged up to be rebelled against.

And the spirited conversation Willoughby addresses to the Black Stock person in the Whistlerian house in Chelsea, is prime. But where did Mr. Collier pick up his peculiar version of Swinburne, "The hounds of Spring are free of the leashes," and why did he write on and on in this book, and so very, very much of it? The fine and fornicating Frances toward the end is scarcely worth so much space, beautiful as she may have been. There is a great deal of the story that one takes with a hop-skip-and-jump, positive that nothing serious can have happened that it would be a pity to miss. And when one returns, shamefacedly to see whether one's prognostication was true, one is amazed to find how true it was!

No, this is a novel that the writer enjoyed as he enjoys settling himself in an easy armchair; and easy writing proverbially makes hard reading. Mr. Collier is never slovenly. His English is always impeccable, his sly witticisms occasionally glint like diamonds, he is always an authoritative gentleman-of-letters; but in this book he evinces very little sense of drama, and tries hardly at all to keep the reader interested. Because of an atmosphere deeply relished and fully conveyed, the scenes at Willoughby's uncle's in the country—and Willoughby, upon the death of his uncle, quite sensibly, ends up in the country, with Lucy—are the best. We have had so much of London in novels, and of down-at-heel London too, that even the appealing character of the old man who addressed envelopes no longer prevails upon us. This book is a queer mixture of simple, delightful, almost naïve pleasure in life, in really pretty and adorable girls, fine weather, and fresh air; and a sophistication that almost breaks into a giggle whenever it touches upon the unmysterious mysteries of sex,—a desire to titillate.

As for Willoughby, he was an illegitimate child who had to learn everything for himself. Fundamentally a very decent sort, he encounters life with some hilarity and a great deal of innocent surprise. His misadventures would constitute a good novel by anyone else; but unfortunately for Mr. Collier we have learned to expect from him nothing less than a *nonpareil!*

Nazis in a Novel

BLOOD AND TEARS. By Balder Olden. New York: The Appleton-Century Co. 1934. $2.

THIS German novel is one of a number, doubtless, which have been rushed into translation, not because they are works of art, but because they put into fictional and easily readable form, hot off the griddle, something more or less illuminating about the ghastly riddle of present-day Germany.

"Blood and Tears" follows actual events from shortly before Hitler's appointment as Chancellor, through the Reichstag fire, and down to the Leader's theatrical May Day speech at Tempelhof. Hitler, Von Schleicher, Von Papen, and various others appear "in person" and under their own names. A wholly cynical, mocking, club-footed little devil of a man, who serves as the "brains" behind the Leader's speeches but believes neither in Hitler nor in anybody else, is known as Dr. Schnierwind in the book and is evidently intended as a caricature of Goebbels.

Against a nightmare, dog-kill-dog background, is set the unhappy love story of Hans Rümelin, former Reichswehr officer and worshipper of Hitler, and Gerda von Reischach, daughter of a fire-eating old German Nationalist. Both young folks are passionate devotees of the Nazi movement as the story begins and both are bitterly disillusioned before its close.

The author bestows a little lip-service on the Nazi movement by way of giving himself footing, so to speak, but promptly embarks on what is, in effect, a furious lambasting of the Nazis and all their works. His material and point of view are similar to those of "The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror," "The Berlin Diaries," and "Hitler Over Europe." Neither as history nor as fiction can the novel be regarded much more seriously than the fictionized treatments of actual events which occasionally appear in our own more sensational newspapers, but it undoubtedly is easier reading than miles of more or less censored and contradictory newspaper despatches and in the chaotic and nightmare atmosphere which pervades it there is a certain implicit truth.

The Fraternity of Linemen

SLIM. By William Wister Haines. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM DOERFLINGER

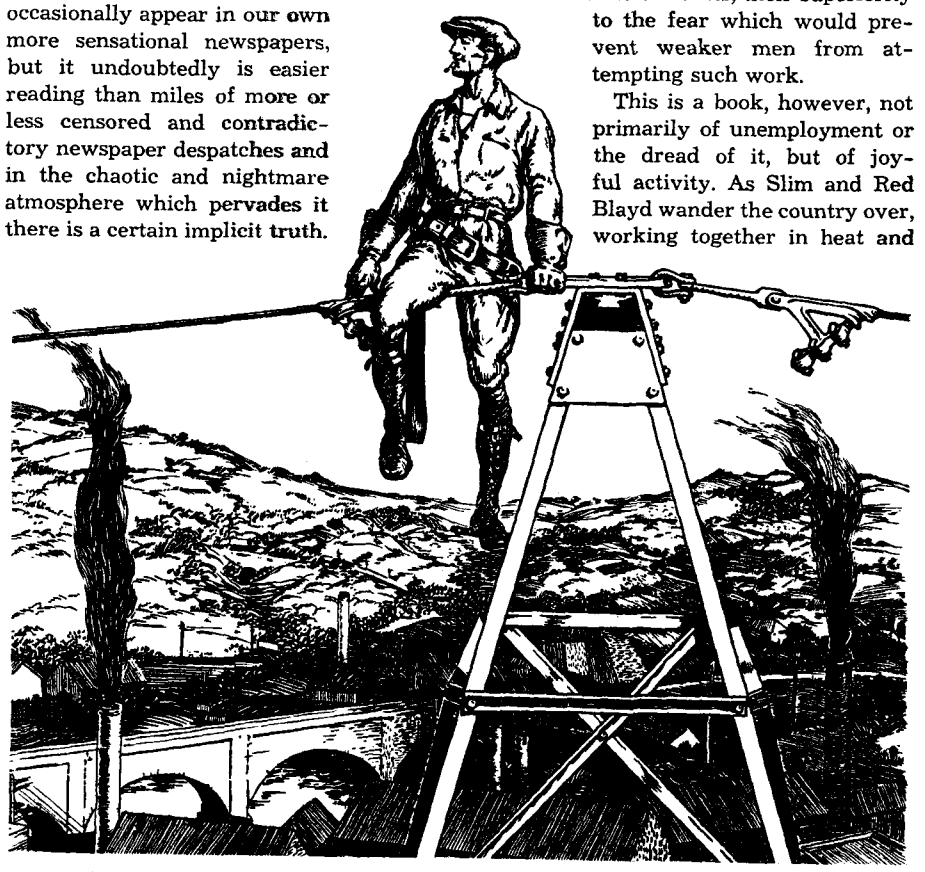
TO experience, imaginatively, scenes which go to make up the life of any colorful body of toilers is one of the best privileges of the reader. Work is a deeply fascinating thing, and in what job is there not true excitement, at least for the newcomer? In the proud fraternity of the power linemen, Mr. Haines has found a fresh and gripping subject well suited to his robust skill, clear eye, and mastery of accurate detail.

"Slim" is a fine product of the fictional method which builds its effect on thorough understanding of realistic details of background, which it depicts without further comment so vividly that the illusion of life is complete. The author who follows this plan effaces himself even from his style, leaving the glass clear to reality. Though the current of emotion induced in the reader by the book so wrought may have less intensity of amperage than the galvanic impulses imparted by the professors of certain older schools, its voltage is greater. It carries a steadier "load" and is likely to provide truer illumination.

Not until one reaches the last chapters of "Slim" does one fully realize the potency of the "load" which has been built up. Then it strikes with a jolt. When bad times darken the story, forcing good linemen to haul in their belts and smoke sparingly as they wait outside the yard gates for a chance which never comes, the reader suddenly appreciates, with the same shock which is theirs, what unemployment means to these men. He is able to do so because in the former chapters he has had so intimate an experience of their work.

The loss of their work, he now sees, entails a far more serious deprivation for them than lack of money. Wages have never been a really primary consideration with the linemen, though they have always taken care to have enough ready cash for poker and girls and for migration to more distant hills where towers are to be erected and wires strung. Nor is their loss that of comfort or security. What has been taken away is their place in the scheme of things. Their pride in the work which justifies their existence is shaken. They are deprived of the right to spud home their wrench into the shifting bolt holes of a new strut atop a pinnacle of steel, to nick off the last bolt at the finish of the job, and to pause before climbing down the spidery tower to earth again to gaze away over the countryside toward the procession of great shining structures which have been raised by the line gang's strength and skill. Those towers represent their triumph over inanimate matter and the elements, their superiority to the fear which would prevent weaker men from attempting such work.

This is a book, however, not primarily of unemployment or the dread of it, but of joyful activity. As Slim and Red Blayd wander the country over, working together in heat and in blizzards, on wooden poles and steel, among dead wire and "hot," it is good to be with them in their perilous lighthearted achievement. And in later chapters comes a picture of railroading life so vivid and powerful that no one who feels the spell of the switching yard can afford to miss it.



FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "SLIM"

EDWARD SHANKS
Drawing by Francisca Bolles

Fatal Weakness

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND. By Edward Shanks. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

HERE is a massive, slow-moving story that starts at the beginning of the century and ends approximately thirty years later. Thus Mr. Shanks joins the ranks of ambitious artists who are satisfied with nothing less than the broad sweep of a generation for their canvas. This novel, however, is a good deal more than just another of those rather loosely knit affairs that start nostalgically with a halcyon England of pre-war days, reflect, as no competent writer could fail to do, the tense drama [illegible] pened twenty years [illegible] proceed majestically [illegible] the case may be, through the years of war to the general topsi-turviness of the 'twenties. We have had all too much of that sort of fictionalized history, and the novelist today who selects the first quarter of the present century for his *mise en scène* can justify the selection only by the intrinsic merits of the story he has to tell. He can profit by the drama inherent in the period with which he deals, but his own play's the thing.

The author of "Queer Street" is too much of the artist, not to say the practised technician, to be a mere recorder of events woven around a thin thread of plot. In "Tom Tiddler's Ground" the characters are never overshadowed by events, though they may be the victims of them. Indeed, it is astonishing in so long a book what rigid economy the author exercises in the description of mere events. The 550 pages that make the volume are taken up with the development of his characters and with the working out, quite in the Greek manner, of the inexorable decrees of fate, for Mr. Shanks's theme is that of the Greek dramatists—the one fatal weakness that lures a man to destruction.

Tom Florey, the son of a humble innkeeper in a moribund Cornish town, manages to "break his birth's invidious bar" despite the refusal of a pig-headed father to allow him to compete for a scholarship at Oxford. Through the good offices of a schoolmaster he goes to Germany as tutor to the son of the great Dr. Roebel, poet, playwright, and Nobel prize winner. Thereafter he serves as secretary to an English politician, and during the war rises to a high position in the civil service created by the emergency, a heart ailment making him ineligible for the army. With his war record he might have continued a brilliant career in the civil service or graduated into politics, but he succumbs to the temptation of the apparently easy pickings of various grandiose schemes —the "Tom Tiddler's Ground" of the post-war years.

Around this thread of plot the author weaves a richly patterned story. We have said that it is slow-moving, but this is by no means to say that it is sluggish. On the contrary, the action moves rapidly enough when need be, as in the deliciously tragi-

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comic dénouement of the German episode, when Tom, having just engaged himself, with almost austere devotion, to the fair-haired Undine, yields to the seductions of the doctor's brunette secretary—and is betrayed by a black hairpin. It is very amusing, but seriousness underlies it, for the episode serves to introduce and typify the clash between flesh and spirit which plagues Tom for the rest of his days. Mr. Shanks showed us in "Queer Street" and "The Enchanted Village" that he understands human nature and that no one knows better how to make lovers make love. The same qualities lend charm to this more ambitious volume. Where there is so much to praise it may seem a little petty to question whether the character of Undine, who serves as a *leit motif* throughout the story, is not a little too indistinct, and whether Mr. Shanks has not been guilty of an "improbable possibility" in the episode in which Isabel poses in the nude for her lover with Tom as an audience. Whatever demands this episode may make on our credulity, however, are compensated for by its delicate handling and its subtle revealments of Tom's character. "Tom Tiddler's Ground" will enhance the author's already enviable reputation.

The Most Ancient of Governments

THE VATICAN: YESTERDAY, TODAY, TOMORROW. By George Seldes. New York: Harper & Bros. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by Carlton J. H. Hayes

THIS book is noteworthy in three respects. First, it treats of a general subject and of particular topics concerning which popular ignorance is surpassed only by popular curiosity. An extraordinarily large number of persons have a curiosity, as natural as it is lively, about the central administration of the Catholic Church, about the papacy not only as the most ancient of all human governments but also as the contemporary power which influences, directly or indirectly, the lives of three hundred million human beings and plays as important—some think as decisive—a role in the world of technology and fascism as it played fifteen hundred years ago in a world of barbarism and feudalism—a power exercised by an elderly clergyman in a huge "palace" in an infinitesimal "state," with a medieval court and an up-to-date radio, without much taxable wealth or any force of arms. How this elderly clergyman is chosen, how he lives and governs, how he directs his "state," his "palace," his "congregations," his "foreign affairs," his relations with "modern politics" and "modern society," and how he dies and is succeeded by another—all this Mr. Seldes explains.

Secondly, the book is written in the familiar and frequently breezy style of the professional journalist, a style which, if irritating at times to the pundits, makes easy and attractive reading for the populace. It must be added that Mr. Seldes is a superior kind of journalist and that he has given us an example of the reportorial art at its best.

Finally, the book is remarkably judicious in tone and fairly accurate in detail. It is neither pro-papal nor anti-papal. It does not discuss, let alone pass judgment on, the strictly religious and dogmatic position of the papacy. It describes the papacy as a contemporary organism, as a going concern, and for the author's occasional historical excursions reliance is put on respectable secondary authorities. There are a few slips in factual statement, and there are some interpretations from which, naturally, various readers will dissent. Non-Catholics may think Mr. Seldes too optimistic about the role of the papacy in the present age, and about its continuing vitality in the future. Catholics, on the other hand, may think that he has unduly magnified the significance of "Americanism" and has been led by purely journalistic considerations to give disproportionate prominence to the barkings of Mr. Charles Marshall and the booings of Mr. Alfred Smith. Which is another way of saying that this entertaining book on an important subject can profitably be read by all sorts of people.

Mr. Herbert's Divorce Satire

(*Continued from first page*)

this public hypocrisy are driven. But Shaw was really writing about marriage, not divorce, and he left plenty of room for what Mr. Herbert has to say in "Holy Deadlock."

First of all, however, "Holy Deadlock" is a novel. Unlike most stories of unhappy marriages, this one does not simply ask you to take the marriage for granted, leaving you to wonder how so unfortunate a *fait* could ever have become *accompli*. Mr. Herbert shows how natural and human it was for John Adam and Mary Eve to fall in love and marry; gradually to develop different interests and antipodal tastes when Mary went on the stage; eventually to find themselves in incompatible milieux, in worlds that did not touch. As Mr. Herbert puts it, to John and Mary, as to most people, what they do in the daytime is in the last analysis more important than what they do at night. Marriage for them is a more complex and a more civilized relationship than is understood either by British legislators or by the followers of D. H. Lawrence.

It was precisely because John and Mary were civilized people (in the complimentary sense of the phrase) that after seven years, having inevitably developed separately, they had no choice but divorce. Both wanted to be remarried, Mary to an employee of the B.B.C., John to a schoolteacher; a scandal would have cost these two their jobs. So John had to take an unknown lady on a business trip to Brighton. He and Mary expected, from the advice of friends and lawyers, that divorce would be only a tedious formality. But they failed to foresee the obstacles: a judge disgusted with a flagrant succession of society divorces, who took it out on them; a jealous woman who disliked Mary and wrote an anonymous letter to the king's proctor; this same proctor, who wearily loathed the idea of interfering, and therefore thought it his duty to do so; a second judge, so sympathetic that he misled Mary into a calamitous indiscretion.

In short, they had hard luck. It might even be said that Mr. Herbert stacks the cards against them. But it is fair to stack the cards when it is done above the table, and when the purpose is admittedly to show a raw deal. The thesis never runs away with the people. From every scene the author draws a precise dramatic irony, illuminating at once the plot and the characters. The effect is cumulative; the action exciting; and the characters increasingly sympathetic and real as the system they are up against forces them more and more out of character. Mary's essential truthfulness is never clearer than when she is obliged to prevaricate; John's stolid straightforwardness is brightly illuminated in the delicious, devious scene where he engages a "confidential personal secretary" for the trip to Brighton, and in the scenes following when he doesn't know what to do with her. It would be funny if it weren't so tragic; it would be tragic if it weren't so funny.

A. P. HERBERT
Photograph by Maurice Beck

The two major characters are excellent, and so are the lawyers, judges, and most of the minor characters. The only unsuccessful portrait is that of Martin Seal, the B.B.C. announcer who wants to marry Mary; he is, by comparison with the others, somewhat wooden and mechanical. There are a few more criticisms that might be made: one would like to have seen at least one official who was not always smugly doing his duty from the best of motives; one would like to have seen more of John and Mary's married life. But this last means only that one would like the book to be even longer.

Mr. Herbert has addressed a note to American readers, in which he says that "Holy Deadlock" gives us a chance to laugh at the British for a change. Whether it's a change or not, we do laugh. We are not likely to get so stirred up over the British divorce laws as Mr. Herbert's native audience; "Holy Deadlock" will be read here because it is a very good novel. Even so, it does bring out all the Anglophobe in an American reader—until he realizes that part of the charm of "Holy Deadlock" is its London setting, and its principal attractions those characters who would be unimaginable elsewhere than in England.

Memories of An Unabashed Victorian

OUT AND ABOUT. Random Reminiscences. By Archibald Marshall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by Temple Scott

THOSE who have read Mr. Marshall's delightful novels of English country life, and especially the tetralogy of the Clinton family, will welcome this volume of random reminiscences. It is a very companionable book, written in a style to hold their interest and to charm them by its distinguished urbanity. Mr. Marshall proclaims himself an "unabashed Victorian" although he began his journalistic career in the first years of the twentieth century. But he received his Cambridge education in the last years of the Victorian age and before the coming of the intelligentsia from their Pisgah height of the New Economics, which may account for his loyalty to old world traditions. Cambridge left a deep impress on him and in this, his latest book, he shows himself a worthy son of that noble school of learning and manners. The chapters he devotes to his undergraduate days at Trinity College are redolent of the enthusiasm which the life there aroused in him, and of the friendships he formed with such men as R. C. Lehmann, R. Carr Bosanquet, Erskine Childers, Maurice Baring, Gerard Cobb, C. V. Stanford, Quiller-Couch, G. C. Cockerell, and others of a like quality of mind and heart. He left Cambridge intending to enter the career of journalism, for he had already practised his pen in the pages of the Cambridge *Grunta*, the college magazine which had given not a few men to that special field of literary expression who had acquitted themselves with distinction in it. But Marshall had to wait some time before the door was opened for his admission, and when it was opened it was by his friend "Rudie" Lehmann, the famous rowing coach, who when he was appointed editor of the London *Daily News* took Marshall on as his secretary and special writer. Here he met Herbert Paul, H. W. Massingham, Hilaire Belloc, E. C. Bentley, and G. K. Chesterton. His appreciations of these men make delightful interludes in this drama of his early experiences as a journalist.

When the *Daily News*, through the tricky "smartness" of its managing editor, was sold to George Cadbury, "Rudie" Lehmann resigned, and Marshall, though he stayed on for a time, found the new atmosphere of the office distasteful and also left, retiring to his home at Beaulieu on Lord Montagu's estate. It was through Lord Montagu that he met Alfred Harmsworth, later Lord Northcliffe, and this meeting led to his employment on the *Daily Mail* as special writer and Special Correspondent. But before he joined the *Daily Mail* staff he took a plunge into publishing by becoming a partner in the new firm of Alston Rivers. The publishing venture did not turn out to be a success, but it was during its brief life that he became acquainted with Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer who had been introduced to the firm by Marshall's literary agent, Mr. J. B. Pinker. The firm published several of Mr. Hueffer's books, but made no money out of any of them. Later Marshall and Hueffer were neighbors in Rye and their acquaintance grew closer. At Rye Marshall formed lasting friendships with Henry James and Joseph Conrad as well as with John Galsworthy.

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL WITH HIS DAUGHTER

Marshall joined the staff of the *Daily Mail* to edit a literary supplement in rivalry to that issued by the London *Times*, but as Northcliffe wanted a more resounding name in connection with the new venture, Edmund Gosse was engaged as "Director" of *Books*, as the supplement was called, with Marshall as assistant. Later he became its director. The supplement, however, never made the appeal that Northcliffe had expected of it and it dwindled in the end to a mere column. Marshall, however, remained on as a special writer of column-length serials with several chapters to each column. He was also employed as a special correspondent, and among the various assignments he was given, the one which took him to Australia was evidently the happiest, for the chapters dealing with this visit to the Southern Commonwealth are, perhaps, the most engaging in the book. He must have had a splendid time during the six months he spent there, for he writes of it with catching enthusiasm.

Without a doubt Mr. Marshall's book of random reminiscences is well worth reading, at any time in any quiet place. It is written by a gentleman and it can be heartily recommended to other gentle folk of both sexes who enjoy listening to good stories well told.

Little Rabbits

By Ruth Lambert Jones

LITTLE rabbits are about,
Hopping nimbly in and out
Of country roads within the span
Of the motors' caravan.
They do not pause to contemplate
The fate of rabbits who leapt too late,
They do not pause to ponder why
Their own sleek bodies do not lie
Beneath the grim, Gargantuan wheel
Of every passing automobile.
Little rabbits are abroad,
Leaving such affairs to God.

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A Scientific Study of Social Forces

GENERAL SOCIOLOGY. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1934.

Reviewed by GEORGE A. LUNDBERG

THIS volume is avowedly an attempt to bring together that body of theories, facts, points of view, and conclusions which constitute sociology as that field is today conceived by the majority of its adherents and expounders. In the achievement of this clearly stated purpose the book must be adjudged notably successful. To achieve such a purpose and at the same time to produce a highly readable, interesting, and unhackneyed volume is a considerable tribute to the author's gifts of exposition, as well as to his familiarity with his field.

The fact that Mr. Fairchild has been so successful in charting the field of sociology as it exists today means, of course, that his work also has most of the faults of contemporary sociology. This is hardly a legitimate criticism of the present book, however, especially as the author is fully aware of some of these faults and frequently mentions them. There are, for example, the utterly inadequate units, concepts and terminology with which sociologists labor. Add to this the anthropocentric hangover from the pre-scientific philosophical jungles out of which sociology is just beginning to emerge, and the major handicaps of the science have perhaps been recorded. The net result is a literature full of concepts which have no moorings whatever in concrete social behavior or in anything else save in other similar concepts, trailing off ultimately into the hallucinations of the sages of old or into simple folklore. All sociological writing, including the volume under review, necessarily suffers from these faults.

Mr. Fairchild adopts for the most part the traditional concepts and does remarkably well with them. It is significant that the chief terminological departure, namely, the invention of the term *larithmics*, should be in the field of the author's specialty. "Social forces," "consciousness," "interests," "desires," and especially "volition" and "will" still hold their time-honored place and serve their customary function, which is usually to confuse. Thus, Mr. Fairchild shows considerable familiarity with social life among insects and lower forms of life and recognizes the essentially social character of their behavior. But this does not deter him from asserting that "all the phenomena which furnish the true data of sociology are volitional in character." "And since we are engaged in the study of sociology in a scientific spirit, it is the overt and observable phenomena that interest us. And these may pragmatically be considered acts of will, choices, or decisions." One wonders what are the pragmatic considerations which compel us scientifically to study the overt and observable phenomena of human behavior as acts of will, choice, or decision, but which impose no such compulsion upon us when studying the cat pursuing a mouse, the bell animalcule seizing its food, or the iron filings arranging themselves around the magnet. But on the whole Mr. Fairchild has recognized these difficulties and deserves praise for keeping his work on as realistic basis as he has done. Furthermore, the majority of sociologists would perhaps agree with him rather than with the reviewer on the above matters.

Indeed, if this review were to confine itself strictly to an estimate of the degree to which Mr. Fairchild achieves certain purposes announced at the outset, very few criticisms could be made. For even his errors are widely shared by the sociological fraternity. There occurs, for example, in the otherwise excellent discussion of the nature of science and its practical applications the widely held but erroneous notion that the "ultimate particles of sociology are individual human beings, men, women, and children. They are sometimes referred to as the 'social atoms.'" The argument then proceeds to point out that individual human beings "lack the constancy and uniformity that we observe among the atoms of matter," and that consequently a real or accurate science of sociology is more or less hopeless. But clearly the units of sociology, as of all other sciences, are *behavior phenomena* abstracted and designated by more or less appropriate symbols. The fact that the behavior phenomena in which we happen to be interested may be manifest in the behavior of men, women, or children in no way reduces the error of confusing certain concrete objects with the names of the units into which for purposes of convenience in understanding we may have divided this behavior. Atoms, ions, and electrons are entirely of the latter character and they are constant and uniform, if at all, only because we have abstracted these qualities in inventing or defining these concepts. It is in the as yet crude terms we have given to social behavior of various kinds that we must find, if anywhere, the analogy to atoms and electrons. Men, women, and children are no more the units of sociology than of psychology, biology, physiology, or, for that matter, of chemistry or physics.

Such details as the above should, however, in the present case be dismissed as accidental slips rather than be taken as an indication of a generally erroneous viewpoint. For elsewhere the author corrects himself by stating that "sociological phenomena are acts whereby the individual is brought into relation with another individual or group." More specifically he modifies on a later page the statement criticized above to read "certain characteristics of the ultimate particles of social science, that is, men, women, and children. The characteristics that are important are the dynamic continua that predispose to movement." In fact, the approach of the volume as a whole is distinctly behavioristic.

Considering the volume as a whole, one feels ungrateful for not overlooking the errors of a few sentences or academic differences of opinion, in view of its excellent qualities. It would be difficult to find within the covers of any single book a more enlightened, balanced, and readable discussion of the contemporary social scene. Worthy of special mention is the amount of space devoted to economic factors, and even more especially, the quality of that discussion. It sweeps aside the smoke screen of rationalizations that encumber conventional economic treatises and reveals with rare perspicacity the roots of our economic difficulties. There is no text in the field of sociology which can be more highly recommended to the general reader than this volume.

George A. Lundberg is a member of the department of sociology of Columbia University. Mr. Fairchild, whose book he here reviews, is a frequent contributor to The Saturday Review.

Ways to Longevity

THE ANCESTRY OF THE LONG-LIVED. By Raymond and Ruth DeWitt Pearl. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by BEVERLEY W. KUNKEL

HOW to attain length of days has been a problem for every generation of men since the dawn of history, and probably much longer, so that every effort like the present one to solve it in sound biological terms should be welcomed by a large and enthusiastic public. Unfortunately a problem of such complexity cannot be analyzed scientifically in a simple or easy fashion. Much of the material has to be presented in the form of tables and charts which often do not mean much to the ordinary reader and the elaborate processes by which statistics must be analyzed in order that the figures will lie as little as possible are likely to be rather confusing to one who is not familiar with the science of statistics.

This study by the Pearls is based upon material which has been accumulating for some ten years in the Department of Biology of the School of Hygiene and Public Health of the Johns Hopkins University and includes 1579 nonagenarians and centenarians. Most of the work, however, is confined to a group of only 365 of these, the age of whose parents and grandparents at death was accurately established. This group is known as the Long. Series throughout the book and for comparison with it is the FHR Series of 143 abstracted from the Family History Records of the department and not selected for age but simply because all six immediate ancestors were dead at known ages. The sum of the ages at death of the two parents and four grandparents of an individual, the total immediate ancestral longevity, is known as TIAL for short. Much of the present study involves an analysis of this characteristic of the human.

Among the most interesting conclusions regarding longevity brought out in the book are those which have to do with the birth place, racial stock, and alcoholic habits of the long-lived. In the group of long-lived studied, 11.7% were foreign born, almost exactly the same as the proportion of the foreign born in the United States in 1850 when the foreign born nonagenarians for the most part arrived in this country. The long-lived, however, were born in preponderating numbers in the states east of Ohio and north of Mason and Dixon's Line. This does not mean, that these states necessarily furnish a more favorable environment for the long-lived. It means in part that there are better early vital records in the older parts of the country which enabled larger numbers of the long-lived to be included in the Long. Series which required the age at death of grandparents.

Of the long-lived, 56.6% have been total abstainers throughout their long lives, but only 44.7% of the men have been such. On the other hand, 3.7% of the men have been heavy or very heavy drinkers at some time of their lives.

If we examine more particularly the ancestry of the long-lived, we find that there is no sure way by which a ripe old age may be attained. The average TIAL of the long-lived series is 60.69 years, or 15.75% greater than that of the FHR (or known death-age) series. It is also interesting to note that the smallest TIAL recorded, 254 years, as well as the largest, 599 years, occurred in the Long. Series. The two parents in the Long. Series have a mean aggregate longevity of 30.29 years or 26.5% greater than that of the parents in the FHR Series while the four grandparents in the Long. Series exhibit a mean aggregate longevity of 31.20 years or 11.5% in excess of that of the four grandparents in the FHR Series. Fathers have a slightly greater age at death than mothers—too slight however, to have statistical value.

Of the individuals making up the two series which are compared, 45.8% of the long-lived were from two long-lived parents while in the non-selected group only 11.9% were longevous. On the other hand, in the Long. Series only 13.4% were derived from two short-lived parents, while in the contrasted group there were 57.4% from such unions.

Like all the work of Pearl, this study is based on extensive material which is analyzed in a great variety of ways and checked at every point to eliminate personal bias as far as pos

Beverley W. Kunkel
ology at Lafayette College.

Double-Crostics: Number 19

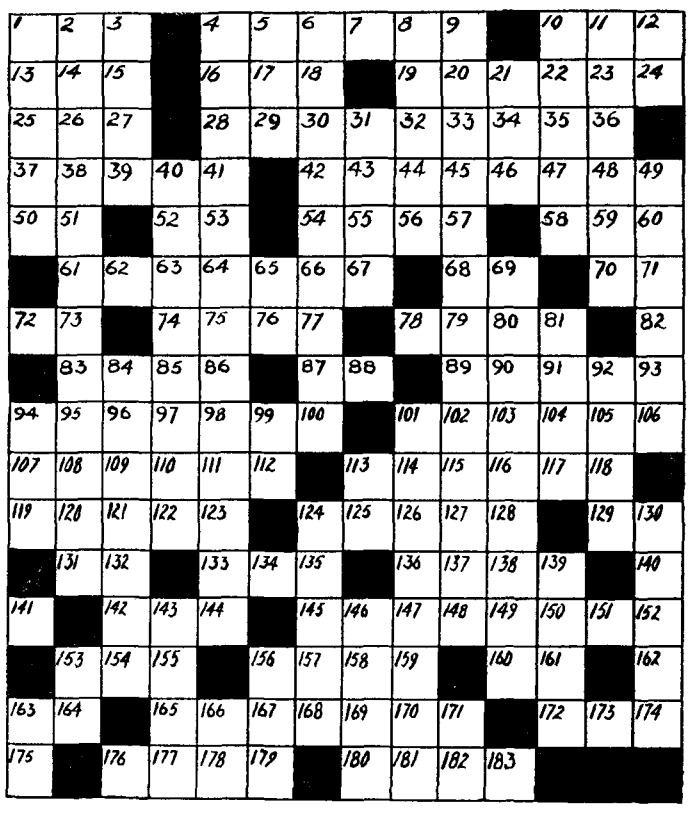
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 142-91-102-14-34-152. Confused mass, puzzling situation.	— — — — — —
II. 106-55-26-137-145-5-89. A noted magician.	— — — — — — —
III. 166-101-9-147-94-20-2-86. Three players on a ball team.	— — — — — — — —
IV. 6-98-27-131-150-141-162-113. Members of a breed of large dogs.	— — — — — — — —
V. 153-10-16-49-176-130-165. Reversion to type.	— — — — — — —
VI. 54-168-3-97. What you'd do for a price.	— — — —
VII. 122-92-22-117-143-40-105. To knit with a hooked needle.	— — — — — — —
VIII. 1-133-107-64-139-19-157-169-93. Purpose of Yom Kippur.	— — — — — — — — —
IX. 17-136-144-35-148-13-57. Staggering, wavering.	— — — — — — —
X. 21-7-29-103-18-41. A shiftless vagrant.	— — — — — —
XI. 36-104-146-73-99-174-80. A river in Tibet.	— — — — — — —
XII. 48-121-156-180-24-90-67. Sprightly, rhythmic.	— — — — — — —
XIII. 79-28-69-71-111-127. To surround, embrace.	— — — — — —
XIV. 58-63-85-38-164-160-167-77. Fits of temper or passion.	— — — — — — — —
XV. 120-82-128-59-12-51-43. Oriental narcotic.	— — — — — — —
XVI. 116-149-70-31-125. To result or succeed.	— — — — —
XVII. 11-173-88-30. Handle of a tool or sword.	— — — —
XVIII. 60-61-110-140-8-179-45. To envelop, shelter.	— — — — — — —
XIX. 32-112-53-154-135-42. Dried stomach of a ruminant.	— — — — — —
XX. 68-96-158-182-56-155-132-129-170. Thorough-going (comp.)	— — — — — — — — —
XXI. 109-138-37-44-95-123-115-175-83. A Shakespearean knight.	— — — — — — — — —
XXII. 15-84-23-47-171-119-52-114-62-78. Struck on the side.	— — — — — — — — — —
XXIII. 81-33-39-181-25-124-163-74-65-46-151. One skilled in disease.	— — — — — — — — — — —
XXIV. 75-66-50-177-100-159-161. Unity, identity.	— — — — — — —
XXV. 76-72-4-172-108-126. A baffling problem.	— — — — — —
XXVI. 183-118-87-178-134. Egyptian god identified with Hermes.	— — — — —



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
(NUMBER 18)
YEATS—"A MAN YOUNG AND OLD"

So, like a bit of stone I lie
Under a broken tree;
I could recover if I shrieked
My heart's agony
To passing bird; but I am dumb
From human dignity.

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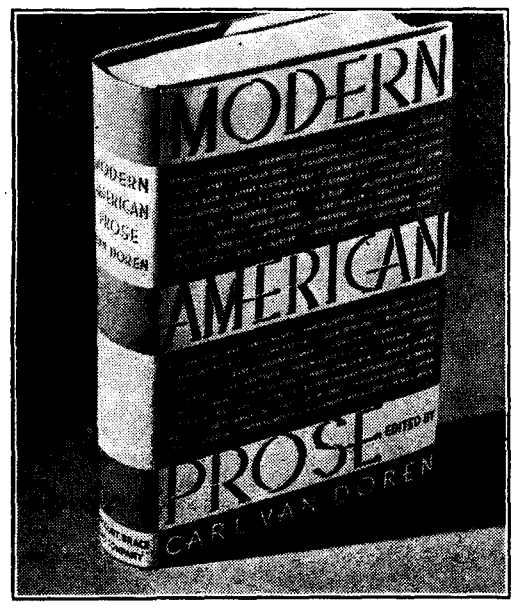
CARL VAN DOREN'S *anthology of America's prose literature in its most recent and brilliant period*



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Literature Abroad

By ERNEST BOYD

THE hiatus in my contributions to this department for several months is in itself an occasion for the discussion of matters of some interest to readers of this section of the *Saturday Review*. The difficulty of finding foreign literature worth the attention of American readers has vastly increased since the time when this department used to appear weekly. In the first place, financial conditions here and political conditions abroad have very definitely affected both the original sources of supply and the local sources of distribution. Time was when the number of first-class books was infinitely greater and the facilities for obtaining them were more numerous. Certain foreign booksellers in New York have gone out of business, others are carrying on with greatly diminished resources, and above all, both for political reasons abroad and financial reasons at home, the kind of literature available seems to me to be not worth the time of my readers or myself.

The Muses do not look well in black or brown shirts. The Nazi bonfires were a perfect symbol of the attitude of dictatorships towards culture. In "Artists in Uniform" Max Eastman has described the different, though equally paralyzing, effect of another type of dictatorship on literature. Even at that, the Russian variety is more hopeful, however tiresome the immediate products of "proletarian" art. The fact, however, remains that a recent censorship map of Europe shows that the only countries free from direct dictatorship, from "planned thinking," as Heinrich Mann calls it, are France, Britain, the Scandinavian countries, and Czecho-Slovakia. That is to say, some three hundred and sixty million Europeans dare not call their minds their own. The flight of the German intellectuals has received more notice, because of the cheap and obvious barbarism with which it was accompanied, but the intellectuals of other countries are gagged, subdued, or in exile. Not so long ago I talked with one of the most distinguished writers of modern Italy, who finds it desirable to remain here in comparative silence, rather than return to complete spiritual subjection.

Ilya Ehrenbourg, who has become, in some sort, the official literary ambassador of Soviet Russia abroad, announces a study of Duhamel, Gide, Malraux, Mauriac, Morand, Romains, and Unamuno, from the point of view of the U. S. S. R., a work which I hope to discuss in this place. Meanwhile, in the *New Masses* he has been describing the effects of Fascism on European culture. I quote some facts in support of what I have written at the outset of this article. "The Berlin bookstores note that their turnover diminished in 1933 by forty-six per cent. . . . The great publishing houses, as for instance the Insel Verlag or the Fischer Verlag, reduced their production to less than one-twentieth. Forty-eight publishing houses have ceased all activity." In Italy, according to the same author, "the best publishing houses, as for instance, Bocca and Mondadori, issue several thin books a year. The theoretician of Fascism, Signor Ugo Ojetti, writing in the journal of which he is the editor, explains this phenomenon as follows: 'Reader, let not the small number of books under review amaze you. Ours is an era of action, when not books but deeds matter. Instead of reading superfluous books, read rather — and reread — the speeches of the leaders.' "

Those who may be inclined to doubt the testimony of Ilya Ehrenbourg are referred to the recent special Italian number of the London *Times Literary Supplement*. Discreetly arranged and addressed to the orthodox, these twenty-eight pages, dealing with every aspect of Italian cultural life, are a frank confession of intellectual sterility. Apart from official pronunciamentos of various kinds, advertisements of the colossally absurd national edition of the works of d'Annunzio, "in full morocco, 400 lire per volume," which I described here several years ago, no name of any original distinction is mentioned belonging to a newcomer. Many fine writers are ignored, others are mentioned and praised to the precise degree of their acceptance of Fascism. This special supplement, obviously designed to put Italy's best intellectual foot forward, despite all propagandist intentions, clearly tells its story. Italian culture, under Fascism, has nothing to offer the world. This may, as everyone assures us, make the trains run on time, but it does not interest those of us who heard of Italy before Mussolini invented this expensive way of advertising that not altogether obscure country.

The German situation, of course, is the more profoundly tragic because the cultural loss and damage are twofold. In the first place, this abdication in the presence of barbaric brutality by the most highly educated country in Europe is a fearful commentary on those values which a minority of the civilized world has so desperately fought to uphold. In the second, as the most cosmopolitan of European countries, Germany was the clearing house for the ideas and cultures of many lands. I have described here some of the fantasias of Alfred Rosenberg, whose map now adorns the jacket of "Hitler over Europe." Recently Ludwig Lewisohn was discussing the prolific literature derived from the same megalomania as Rosenberg's "Mythus des XX Jahrhunderts."

> Nazi literature [he says] is largely a pseudo-learned or pamphlet literature. German professors still write mighty tomes. But these tomes are written to prove—I select these theses with scrupulous accuracy—that the Cross of Christ was really the swastika and Jesus of Nazareth a Nordic sun-god; that the Greeks and all who created civilization on the Mediterranean littoral were blond and blue-eyed Germans from the Baltic shore; that since these Nordics, even into the heart of the German forests, had been corrupted by the Latin-Celtic-Semitic "sub-men" (*Minusmenschen*), the first thing is to purify the Nordic remnant . . . and then, that having been accomplished, for the vastly increased Nordics to set forth and mop up the earth with poison gas and typhus germs.

Even the most patient reader will admit that it is hardly necessary to report on this kind of literature to readers of the *Saturday Review*. They can hear this terrifying nonsense over the radio and in the reported speeches of the Nazi leaders who happen, at the moment, to be unmurdered. At the same time, I regret to say, I cannot work up any great enthusiasm for German literature in exile. Lion Feuchtwanger's "Die Geschwister Oppenheim" seems to me to have no particular literary merit. Klaus Mann in Amsterdam is editing a monthly review called *Die Sammlung*, which reminds me only too sadly of the innumerable, subsidized, propagandist magazines which flourished all over Europe during the war. Not that they were all blatantly and unreadably propagandist. I remember one Italian review which contained some of the best and most entertaining work of Norman Douglas. But, in the main, they were, and again are, decorated with names of importance, without any corresponding importance of content. For example, *Die Sammlung* is announced on the cover as being "under the patronage of André Gide, Aldous Huxley, and Heinrich Mann." I should hope and expect that these distinguished men of letters would lend their names by way of anti-Hitler protest to any enterprise sponsored by Thomas Mann's son, but I am compelled to admit that the review is lacking in intrinsic interest.

Propaganda, whether it be officially endorsed or written in protest, is fatal to the free play of the mind. Circumstances drive individuals into adopting points of view which they would never hold, or would not stress, but for the pressure of events. In the article by Ludwig Lewisohn from which I have quoted I note, for instance, a phrase which perfectly illustrates my meaning. Mr. Lewisohn is obviously and rightly outraged by the treatment accorded to decent German citizens who happen to be Jews. Yet, his conclusion is. "But that is what you get with the totalitarian state. For the slogans 'God is he who is not' or 'Religion is the opiate of the people' are, critically, philosophically examined, no less fatuous and foolish." In other words, a Jew is as badly off in Russia, where anti-Semitism is a crime, as in Hitlerite Germany, where he is treated worse than a dog. I decline to believe that an academic discussion as to the advantages or disadvantages of imposing or discouraging dogmatic religions, whether Jewish, Christian, Islamic, or Buddhist, is quite the same thing as sixty million pogromists in full cry.

André Maurois is writing a biography of Dickens. An English translation, it is expected, will appear in the autumn.

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The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

"I am to write a club paper on 'Some Medieval Saints' in the Fall," writes D. C. L. of Reynolds, N. C. *"Would you be good enough to suggest the names of some few? Could you suggest also where I could get information on them?"*

WHEN I was growing up I used to hear my elders refer to Anna B. Jameson's LEGENDS OF THE MONASTIC ORDERS (Houghton Mifflin) as the proper source whence to draw illumination on the saints, and the book still is widely used. It has served as reference for many of the later works which have more or less superseded it such as the Drakes' SAINTS AND THEIR EMBLEMS (Lippincott). I don't know this latter work at first-hand, but if it's like a little volume by E. A. Greene, published by Whittaker of London and entitled SAINTS AND THEIR SYMBOLS, which I bought in Venice and carried with me through Italy and Sicily, it's the most useful sort of manual. Here, arranged first under their emblems and then under their names, is the long procession of saints whose pictures look down on the wayfarer with so sweet a humility or stern a piety from the churches and galleries of Europe, with the outline of their lives, some of their miracles, and an appendix containing notes on the monastic orders and the habits by which they are distinguished. The Drake volume I know follows along the same general lines, as does also HOW TO DISTINGUISH THE SAINTS IN ART (New York: Art Culture Publishing Co.), by Arthur de Bles.

I suppose no paper on the medieval saints could be prepared that did not include at least three of them—gentle St. Francis of Assisi, whom even the birds stopped to listen to and would not leave without his blessing, St. Dominick, who, like St. Francis, founded an Order, and whose soul at his death (according to a monk of Brescia) was borne up to Heaven on a throne by the Blessed Virgin and angels, and St. Catherine whose humble home from which she went forth on deeds of mercy and where she practised rigorous fastings and penance is still shown to the visitor to Sienna. Lovely St. Catherine, with her crown of thorns and her stigmata, her piety, her pity, and her charity, was more than a gracious spirit and a heroic soul. She was for all her youth a woman of ability and played the ambassador to great powers on more than one occasion, as when she was called on to mediate between the Pope and the hostile states and induced Gregory XI to return from Avignon to Rome, and later when she went to the court of Joanna II of Naples. These three should certainly be on D. C. L.'s list. Personally, I acquired a great fondness for St. Anthony of Padua, whose great cathedral at Padua holds heaped up about his altar crutches and braces of the happy cripples who have left it cured of their ills, and who turns up in so many friendly fashions, as, for instance, when he intercedes in favor of good weather, or finds lost articles for careless travellers. We had a little Catholic maid with us in Padua who was constantly making her obeisances to St. Anthony, and she triumphantly produced sunshine and lost rings alike for us by her prayers. And there's that other saint, distinguished by his pen, papers, and inkhorn, of whom Filippino Lippi has left so lovely a picture at the Badia in Florence, St. Bernard of Clairvaux. His influence was enormous, as was his thirst for knowledge, and his integrity, eloquence, and beauty of character made him a favorite of art as well as of men. By way of adding one more woman to her list, D. C. L. might take St. Elizabeth of Hungary, whose tenderness and piety won her such glory, and who has as her emblems along with robes of royalty or a Franciscan habit, a beggar or cripple at her feet or a lapful of roses.

A COMPREHENSIVE MYTHOLOGY

Has anyone ever written or edited [asks G. G. of Knoxville, Tenn.] a book or series of books including the legends, mythologies, and traditions of all the nations in the world? I suppose it has been done in separate books, but hasn't it ever been collected into one?

So far as I can discover there is no single volume that covers the myths of all peoples. But there is a magnificent series, begun before the war and only recently brought to completion, which ranges the world for subject. It is THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES (Marshall Jones) whose many volumes are all the product of the best available scholarship. Perhaps the single work which G. G. would find nearest to his heart's desire is the edition of Bulfinch which contains between its covers THE AGE OF FABLE, THE AGE OF CHIVALRY, and THE LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE (Crowell). Alexander Stuart Murray's MANUAL OF MYTHOLOGY (Altemus), the author of which was at one time keeper of the department of Greek and Roman antiquities in the British Museum, contains classical and post-classical Greek and Roman as well as Norse and Old German, Hindu and Egyptian, myths. Everyman's Library includes a volume, by Marian Edwardes, entitled A DICTIONARY OF NON-CLASSICAL MYTHOLOGY (Dutton). One of the most useful reference books for legend and myth is BREWER'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASE AND FABLE (Lippincott) which, together with the same author's READER'S HANDBOOK (Lippincott), affords information on a great part of the names and legends that the general reader is likely to come upon. These last-named books are volumes that I have had for years on my shelf and have taken off the shelf more frequently than almost any others. They are indispensable. And then, of course, there's Frazer's "Golden Bough," one of the great source books for all students of mythology and religion.

Incidentally to his main question G. G. asks where he can get a copy of Godfrey E. Turton's THERE WAS ONCE A CITY (Knopf) and if any information is available about its author. I called up the publishers of the book, Knopf, and was told that the novel is not, as G. G. seems to think, out of print, but is available through bookstores. As to its author, even his publishers seem to have no biographical material on him. So far as I can discover THERE WAS ONCE A CITY is the only book he has published.

"ST. OLAVES"

Mrs. E. M. C. of Mears, Mich., writes: "For a number of years I have been trying to find a book by the name of ST. OLAVES, by Emily or Amelia Tabor. I think it is out of print now. It is light fiction. An old fashioned story of home life. Octave Thanet (or Alice French really) spoke of the story as one she loved and ever since I have tried to find it in a rather haphazard way."

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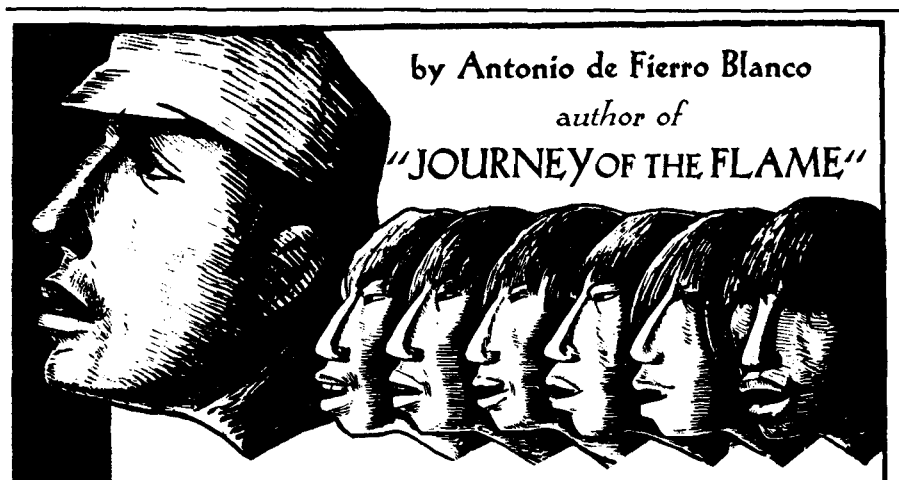

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In the first session, Lord Curzon, in precise but cutting phrases, summarized the disloyalty of the French during the last two years. . . . In the afternoon M. Poincaré responded to this attack. His voice was dry, his words were clipped, his insults were lancets of steel. Curzon's wide, white hand on the green baize cloth trembled violently. He could stand it no further. Rising from his seat, he muttered something about an adjournment and limped hurriedly into an adjoining room. He was accompanied by his secretary and by Lord Hardinge, then our Ambassador in Paris. He collapsed upon a scarlet settee. He grasped Lord Hardinge by the arm. "Charley," he panted, "I can't bear that horrid little man. I can't bear him. I can't bear him." He wept.

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The New Books

Biography

PIRATE JUNK. By Clifford Johnson. Scribners. 1934. $2.

It's an old Chinese custom, being kidnapped by Manchurian bandits. They set ransom for three British officers of the merchantman, *Nanchang,* at two million dollars and eighty pair of socks. They would have settled for thirty thousand dollars and two hundred pair of socks. After five months there was a settlement, but its terms the author does not specify. During the captivity, one of the victims, Clifford Johnson, scribbled on cigarette paper a day-by-day diary, now published.

His recital affords more thrills to the square inch than we have encountered in a long time. Surely a literary prize of some sort will reward his work. A selectivity of details sharply etched and tersely drawn to a climax savors of long discipline in writing. Yet Johnson, up to March 29, 1933, when the brigands overpowered him and his colleagues, Blue and Hargrave, had pursued but one career—the sea.

Many times, during the captivity, death would have been welcomed by the three victims. They were tormented and beaten, ill fed and themselves fed on by vermin. A dark and festering hole in a pirate junk was their cabin. The bandits, impatient of delay, planned to send their ears home as a gentle reminder of the merit of haste. The three, tightly bound by ropes, were marched barefoot through reedy marshes, all but dying of fever and septic poisoning.

To this description of filth and terror Johnson devotes no more space than to the moments of laughter that enabled the three to keep their sanity. The bare-chested bandit majestic in Johnson's evening clothes; the infatuation of another with a magazine photograph of a rhinoceros; the quarrel of the white men over two and a half sardines; the joy in reading all the things one can do with Bovril; the song they unhappily began and had to continue singing all day—these items lend a reality to the narrative that enhances its effectiveness.

The book is quickly read, but will not be quickly forgotten. One reaches the annoying conclusion: scratch an Englishman, any Englishman, and discover an author, usually competent. But Johnson is much more than competent. His further work is to be watched. C. R.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM DAMPIER, BUCCANEER-AUTHOR. By Willard Hallam Bonner. Stanford University Press. 1934. $2.75.

William Dampier originally went out to Jamaica in 1674. He was a logwood cutter in the Bay of Campeachy, then for years a foremast hand among buccaneers of the Spanish Main, and finally rose to command in the Royal Navy and fame as an explorer. Professional as were his buccaneering activities, pieces of eight were less important to him than the infinite new facts of natural history and oceanography which he carefully noted in his journals throughout the years of his roving life along the coasts of New Spain and in the southern oceans.

When Dampier returned to England in 1691 he was poor only in pocket, and the publication in 1697 of his "New Voyage Round the World" made him more famous than if he had taken the Manila Galleon. Partly as a result of his popularity, the reign of Anne saw the launching of a great flotilla of other travel narratives, both real and imaginative. It is with this striking literary influence of Dampier that Mr. Bonner is concerned. He marshals evidence to establish the navigator's signal importance in the development of eighteenth century voyage literature. Very effectively he demonstrates that both Defoe and Swift knew Dampier's books well and drew heavily upon them for their greatest works. Gulliver and Crusoe are fictional cousins of Captain Dampier.

Mr. Bonner makes these points by dint of much technical drudgery and iteration of minutiæ, but his inquiry leaves no doubt of the modest buccaneer's prominence as one of the great sea fathers of English literature. And Mr. Bonner is fortunate, since he must quote so many parallel passages, that his subject is Dampier, one paragraph of whose writings is enough to transport the reader to the great era of cruisings and explorations when the Moluccas were the Spice Islands, when Alexander Selkirk was left on Juan Fernandez by the *Cinque Ports* galley, and Terra Australis Incognita was veiled in orient mist.

W. D.

Fiction

THE OLDEST INHABITANT. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: Macmillan. 1934. $2.50.

Grandfer Otter was a quaint old rustic, full of patience, wise saws, and earthy shrewdness. He managed to settle the tangled love affairs of his son and his grandchildren, and at the same time to achieve a redistribution of local wealth that satisfied everybody, even the village miser. All of which Mr. Phillpotts recounts in the leisurely tempo suited to an agricultural community whose most hot-blooded couple spends years over a courtship without ever getting to the point; and for fear the flow of the narrative may be too headlong, it is occasionally retarded by long descriptions of Devonshire scenery. Not without a diluted humor, but it can be heartily recommended to the Committee on the Use of Leisure Time; you could easily spend three months on it, unless you happen to be an addict of quaint old rustics. E. D.

RIVERS GLIDE ON. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. Little, Brown. 1934. $2.50.

Mr. Gibbs's large public testifies to a wide approval of his treatment of moral problems; so if his solution in the present case seems rather dubious, both ethically and esthetically, to a reviewer, that is no great matter. George Hibberd, a London commuter, was cursed in middle age with as disagreeable a wife as can be found in modern fiction, and with children almost equally unpleasant—except for his twelve-year-old daughter Ruth. From such a hopeless situation Marouf the cobbler of Cairo was delivered by a djinn who whisked him away to Khitan of Tartary, where he found a career open to his talents. Pinch-hitting for the djinn in this case is a ticket on the Irish Sweepstakes, which brought George Hibberd thirty thousand pounds. Leaving half to his family, he took the rest and his favorite Ruth and went out to see what could be seen in the world at large.

Thus far Mr. Gibbs follows one of the

(*Continued on next page*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TRUTH CAME OUT *E. R. Punshon* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Before Sgt. Bell discovers who stole the prussic acid he finds one corpse and lethal fluid gets his chief.	Moves leisurely but saved by English manor house background (secret passages and all) and engaging characters.	Good
THE DEAD MAN AT THE WINDOW *Jean Toussaint-Samat* (Lippincott: $2.)	Why did 5 men commit suicide on Provençal terrace where one was murdered? M. Levert raises eyebrows and answers.	Trail leads from Martigues to South American jungles and wildly fantastic Rider-Haggardish conclusion.	Bizarre, but good
THE ROBTHORNE MYSTERY *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Eccentric brother of equally queer newcomer to English hamlet is killed. Another new arrival ditto. Dr. Priestly pontificates.	Ancient twin brother device is here given novel and deceptive twist that will fool the best av yez.	Grade A

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

most ancient and honorable patterns of romance; which might be worked out in either of two ways without change of key. George might rise to his opportunities, like Marouf; or, as a more acrid writer would prefer, he might prove a Caspar Milquetoast, beyond redemption even by thirty thousand pounds. Mr. Gibbs splits the difference; George loves his freedom, and begins to love a woman he meets in Italy; but when she tells him it is his duty to go back he goes back, finds affairs in a mess, and nobly gets aboard the treadmill for the rest of his life. The average man might do that; but the average man is no fit hero, nor is a pedestrian realism the proper conclusion, for a story which begins with one of the classic wish-fulfilments of high romance. No one can question Mr. Gibbs's sincerity; this is the sort of book a man cannot write unless he means it, and to most George's return to captivity will seem a highly moral ending. Only the unregenerate would doubt if his family was worth the trouble, and wish he had gone to bed with the lovely lady of Vallombrosa, as Marouf would have done, instead of leaving her to wonder for the rest of her life why he hadn't gone to bed with her.

E. D.

Miscellaneous

HISTORICAL MATERIAL. By Lucy Maynard Salmon. Oxford University Press. 1934. $2.50.

Miss Salmon, long an important influence at Vassar College and one of the pioneer women professors of history in America, died in 1927. This volume, containing nine of the fourteen chapters of a projected book on the materials of history together with four papers on other related subjects (these papers have previously been privately printed), is now published through a research fund established by her friends. Her friends and former students, with whom her influence was great, will be charmed by the book, especially by such chapters as "History in a Back Yard" and "Main Street." But to others it will be less valuable. Its chapters on historical materials are hardly an important contribution to historiography. But since its pages give abundant evidence of Miss Salmon's characteristic qualities as a historian — a tireless industry, voluminous card indexes of notes, an interesting style, and a keen eye for the obvious—graduate students in history who are just becoming acquainted with Clio will find the volume useful.

F. M.

Brief Mention

* * * The phrase, *"Dialectical Materialism"* has become so familiar in discussions that the little volume bearing that title and written by V. Adoratsky, which is "a clear and concise exposition of the theoretical foundation of Marxism and Leninism," will prove serviceable. It is published by the International Publishers, New York ($.50). Let us note also the suppressed Mooney-Billings Report originally part of the Wickersham Report and suppressed by the Commission and now issued by Gotham House, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York. * * * A different group of recent books would include the packed narrative of an English correspondent called *East Again*, which covers the rich and varied observations of Walter B. Harris on a journey in the Near, Middle, and Far East (Dutton, $5). Also Luis Trenker's *Brothers of the Snow*, described as a story of courage and comradeship, which tells of a guide and adventurer's experiences in mountain climbing in Europe and the Far North and California, winding up with his experiences in filming such scenes for the movies. The whole illustrated, as might be expected, by very beautiful pictures (Dutton, $3.75). * * * Those who remember the exciting part played by the Countess Markievicz in the Irish Revolution will be glad to know of her prison letters published by Longmans, Green & Company ($2.50) with a preface by de Valera. * * *

Latest Books Received

DRAMA

An Emperor's Great Love. A. Liebling. San Bruno, Calif.: Webster. $2. *Five Elizabethan Comedies.* Oxford University Pr. 80 cents.

PAMPHLETS

Emerson and Evolution. J. W. Beach. Univ. of Toronto Quarterly. *The Poetic Genius of D. H. Lawrence.* H. Davis. Univ. of Toronto Quarterly. *Poetry: The Problem of Appreciation.* E. G. Moll. Univ. of Oregon. *Tropical Fish.* L. Q. Mann. Leisure League. 25 cents.

The AMEN CORNER

"Go into the streetes consider, and make inquisicion for the olde way, and if it be the good and right waye, then goe therein, that ye maye finde reste for your soules." (From the Great Bible of 1549.)

Sir Arnold Wilson puts this at the head of one of the chapters in a most unusual book which the Oxford University Press[1] has just brought out by this unusual man. (He puts also the Latin version of the text, as quoted by Chaucer in *The Parson's Tale,*[2] which for "reste" has "refrigerium" —a tempting word in these days to The Oxonian sweltering in his Corner.)

Sir Arnold Wilson can always be depended on to produce something remarkable and something new, and the present book, *Walks and Talks:* The Diary of a Member of Parliament in 1933-4,[3] is both. It might be described as the rough sketch for a modern version of Cobbett's Rural Rides, except that it confines itself to one district of one English county. Within that limitation, however, it succeeds in creating a microcosm of modern England, in showing a cross-section of typical rural and country-town society.

Sir Arnold set out to get to know his Hertfordshire Constituency, and in order to do so better than by hearsay and the printed word, undertook a series of walks about the countryside. He talked to almost everyone he met and almost everyone talked back. Farmers and pig-butchers, tramps and commercial travellers, schoolmasters and young men, country parsons and police-sergeants, physicians and bus-conductors have talked freely and unaffectedly to the author, whose own views upon current problems emerge here and there, in a few brief phrases.

Sir Arnold, who is now M. P. for Hitchin, combines a number of talents, accomplishments, and varieties of experience. He is Chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, an authority on Persian Art and chief sponsor of the Persian Exhibition in London a few years ago, and the author of an economic study of *The Persian Gulf,* a learned *Bibliography of Persia*[4] and at the same time of one of the outst of the War, *Loyalties,*[5] ar *Mesopotamia.*[6] He was in a position there during and War. His last book was a historical study of *The Suez Canal.*[7] With all this, Sir Arnold is a man of great simplicity, and wide human sympathy, as any reader of this book will testify.

We wish we had time to do justice to another recent publication of the Oxford Press, the first three volumes[8] of Mr. Arnold Toynbee's *A Study of History,* a monumental work which will run to six volumes. It is an attempt to relate the whole of human history to certain principles which can be deduced from the facts, and may be compared with Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough.* Mr. Toynbee is the well-known author of the annual *Survey of International Affairs.* As far as we have digested his theory, it gives solid grounds for belief in the emergence of a quite new era in human history.

And speaking of new eras, wait until you see *These Hurrying Years,* by Gerald Heard, which the Oxford Press is bringing out in a month or so. We saw the proofs, and we don't wonder Harold Nicolson calls it the most stimulating book he has read for twenty years. You'll think so too.

The most amusing, by the way, is Harold Nicolson's own *Some People.*[9]

THE OXONIAN.

(1) 114 Fifth Avenue. (2) *Chaucer's Works.* In the *Oxford Standard Authors.* $1.50. Write for complete list. (3) $2.00. (4) $7.00. (5) $7.50. (6) $7.50. (7) $6.00. (8) $7.00 each. $17.50 the set. (9) In the *World's Classics.* 80c each. Send for complete list.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

BEING nearer to mountains than to the sea, with a fine view of blue Monadnock from my open door, I welcome as contrast some "Shore Lines" cast to me by *Arthur W. Bell* of Falmouth, Massachusetts, who subtitles the following collection of summer verses "Cape Cod Sea-Doggerel." Plenty of literary pundits and others sojourn for the summer on the crowded Cape. These, and those sweltering in the city, who dream of beach and cove, should find the subjoined refreshing:

MARITIME TRAFFIC

Swift power launches, throwing spray,
Dash speed-exceeding 'round the Bay;
And we expect at any tide
To see sea-urchins thumb a ride.

LEAVES OF EEL-GRASS

To what shall we ascribe the dearth,
That eel-grass perish from the earth;
The eel scarce knows where he is at
In his denuded habitat;
The blight is rough upon the scallop
Who's had to take an awful wallop;
On Nature's part a cruel bungle
That robs sea creatures of their jungle,
The hide-out of blue-claws and cunners
And wares of post-Repeal rum-runners.
Our subaquatic greenery
Has vanished from the scenery,
Of blame for which we must, in troth,
Exonerate the gypsy moth.

LO, THE POOR PORTUGEE

To win a wage from sandy soil
Demands devotion, sweat, and toil;
The Portuguese, beyond a doubt,
Have proved themselves a race devout.
Asparagus, the early crop,
Appears, and to their knees they drop;
Strawberries next; with bended head,
They creep and crawl from bed to bed;
And, still prostrated on the ground,
They strew pine needles all around;
Again bowed down amid the muck
They pick and tend their garden truck;
Above the ripe cranberry bog
They crouch in posture of a frog;
Upon my soul, the Portuguese
Spend half their life upon their knees!

Covici, Friede have received the translation into English of Professor *Albert Einstein's* forthcoming book, "The World As I See It." They will bring out the volume in September. The translation was done by an Englishman, *Alan Harris*, and will also be used in the English edition which the John Lane Company will issue simultaneously with the American. . . . *J. H. Wallis*, who has made quite a reputation for himself with his mystery stories—though few know that he started as a poet, and a subtly distinctive one at that—is interested in murder statistics, and has calculated that there are at large in this country today 250,000 murderers! He adds that there are also over a quarter million men and women who *will* commit murder. About the same number of living Americans, he says, will meet their death by the murder route. Whereas in England, Mr. Wallis claims, the writers of mystery-novels kill more fictitious characters each year than actual English murderers do. The real American murderers kill about 13,000 a year. . . . To turn from such appalling figures to pure nonsense that I have found delightful, let me quote the following from "The Stray Child" (Dutton), by *Robert Joyce*, who is by profession an illustrator. Three little kittens find a little boy in a field, and take him home. The Mother cat, upon their arrival, interrogates them concerning him:

"*Where* did you pick up that child?"
The three little cats stood in front of the child and looked at the floor.
"We found it in the fields," said Pansy Face.
"It hasn't any home."
"It was eating a green apple," said William.
"Now you look right here," said Mother, "if you think we have room for a noisy child in this house, you are mistaken. It probably has fleas, and I have trouble enough as it is."
"It hasn't any fleas, Mother," cried Pansy Face. "I looked!"

Larry Barretto has sailed for Mexico, as his new book demands several scenes laid in Mexico. So Larry is going to get first-hand information. . . . *James Norman Hall* spent a week or so in Boston, writing the final chapters of "The Tale of a Shipwreck," which Houghton Mifflin will publish in the fall. He averred that an apartment on Beacon Hill may be a safer place than a boat in mid-Pacific, but that nevertheless he intends to return to his home in Tahiti before the end of the summer. . . . *Frances Frost* is one of the poets I see up here in these mountains; so I am glad to hear that the above firm has ordered a new printing of her "Pool in the Meadow." Her long narrative poem, "Woman of This Earth," was published this last Spring.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Harold Lamb's forthcoming life of Omar Khayyam opens delightfully in the Street of the Book Sellers in the Old City of Nisapur, in the land of the Sun: the year 1069 by the Calendar of the Christians. An attractive street: "it had a grape arbor over it, to keep out the sun's glare . . . Here the women who came to fill their water jugs liked to sit. They put down their jugs and whispered together, while the men dozed in the open book stalls and the boys from the mosque academy ran by, shouting, 'Wake up, O sellers of old books!'" ☞Dick Walsh of John Day, recently back from the Orient, tells us that there is a street in Tokio lined with three hundred bookshops. It runs between two universities.

☞A new and engaging abbreviation is coined by the Messrs. Stokes on the jacket of *The Frank Reynolds Golf Book;* the blurb is signed "F. A. Stokes Coy."

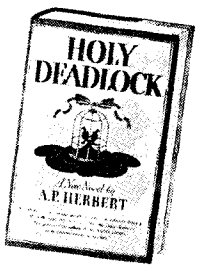
☞Mrs. Kingsley, the double-crostician, has sent us a fan letter she received from the great-granddaughter of Noah Webster, who admires the puzzles. The Quercusses, who do the double-crostics every week, are flattered to be in such eminent company. ☞We notice that Simon and Schuster, whose early ads on *Hitler Over Europe* carried a photo of August Thyssen, are now using Fritz Thyssen's picture. ☞Literary item apropos of Hitler: "Hereafter any German railway man who renders loyal service for twenty-five years will receive free a copy of Chancellor Hitler's book, *Mein Kampf*, it was decreed officially today." We quote from the *World-Telegram*. This esteemed paper also reports that Evelyn Harter of Smith and Haas, with her husband Milton Glick of Viking—both book designers—have gone for a two months' vacation in Europe and will sail back from Geneva. Via the Swiss merchant marine?

☞August 6 is the last day to order the autographed edition of A. Edward Newton's *Derby Day and Other Adventures* (Little, Brown, $10) which will be a facsimile reproduction of a previously unpublished novelette by Charlotte Brontë. The trade edition comes out September 21. ☞E. P. Dutton and Co. have a letter from a bookstore clerk who sold $135 worth of Dutton books in one day. Who and where, Mr. Macrae? Somebody might want to make him an offer. ☞The admirable Holliday Bookshop issues an attractive folder of Ideas for a Thrift Library, a compilation from the reprint series of the books most likely to appeal to a selected clientele. Ted Holliday also rolls up his sleeves and compares John O'Hara's forthcoming novel, *Appointment in Samarra*, with "the mature work of Hemingway, Dreiser, and Sinclair Lewis." Anything that is like both Hemingway and Dreiser must be an extraordinary production indeed.

☞Doubleday's fall catalogue is enlivened by contributions from some of the authors on their new books: A. P. Herbert, Hugh Walpole, T. S. Stribling, W. Somerset Maugham, and William McFee all helped out the staff blurb-writers.

☞This seems as good a place as any to pass along our Criminal Recorder's apology for misquoting the title of R. C. Ashby's earlier mystery, in his review of *Out Went the Taper*. Miss Ashby's former book was *He Arrived at Dusk*, not *It Walked by Night*. ☞Our C. R. also has an anecdote. After mailing some letters last week, including an instalment of Criminal Record copy, he was surprised by a visit from the local postman, bringing the letters back. "You may want to rewrite them," he explained. "Some of the boys in the neighborhood left a couple of dead fish in the mail box."

"Bubbles and fumes with irresistible laughter," says Christopher Morley



FIRST the chambermaid bungled the evidence. Then his professional paramour caught measles in the hotel. Obviously John Adam was guilty, but not quite guilty enough, in his gentlemanly quest to give his wife a divorce. For the law demands adultery.

Here is the new novel by the author of THE WATER GIPSIES that has rocked all England with its vivid satire of the folly and cruelty of divorce statutes—"Count no cause lost," said the London Daily Express, "until A. P. Herbert has been funny about it." ($2.50)

HOLY DEADLOCK
by A. P. HERBERT

August Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

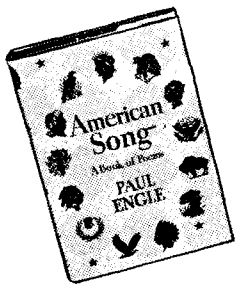
"Infectious"—N.Y. Times

AND that's precisely the word for this delightful book filled with American wanderlust—a month's happy holiday by car—just loafing, savoring the land. "Stick-in-the-Mud and Stay-at-Home will keep an eye on SWEET LAND. It's a dangerous book."—Carl Van Doren. ($2.00)

SWEET LAND
by LEWIS GANNETT

"May prove a literary landmark"—Times Book Review

THIS is the new book of American poems—rich in strength and beauty—of which Harry Hansen writes, "A great many readers will agree with Stephen Vincent Benét that here is the fire and music and gallantry of youth—Mr. Engle revives the poetry of affirmation," and of which William Rose Benét says, "There's a fresh high wind blowing through it and suddenly we know that this is the eternal inspiration of our country." ($1.75)



AMERICAN SONG by PAUL ENGLE

Doubleday, Doran

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